

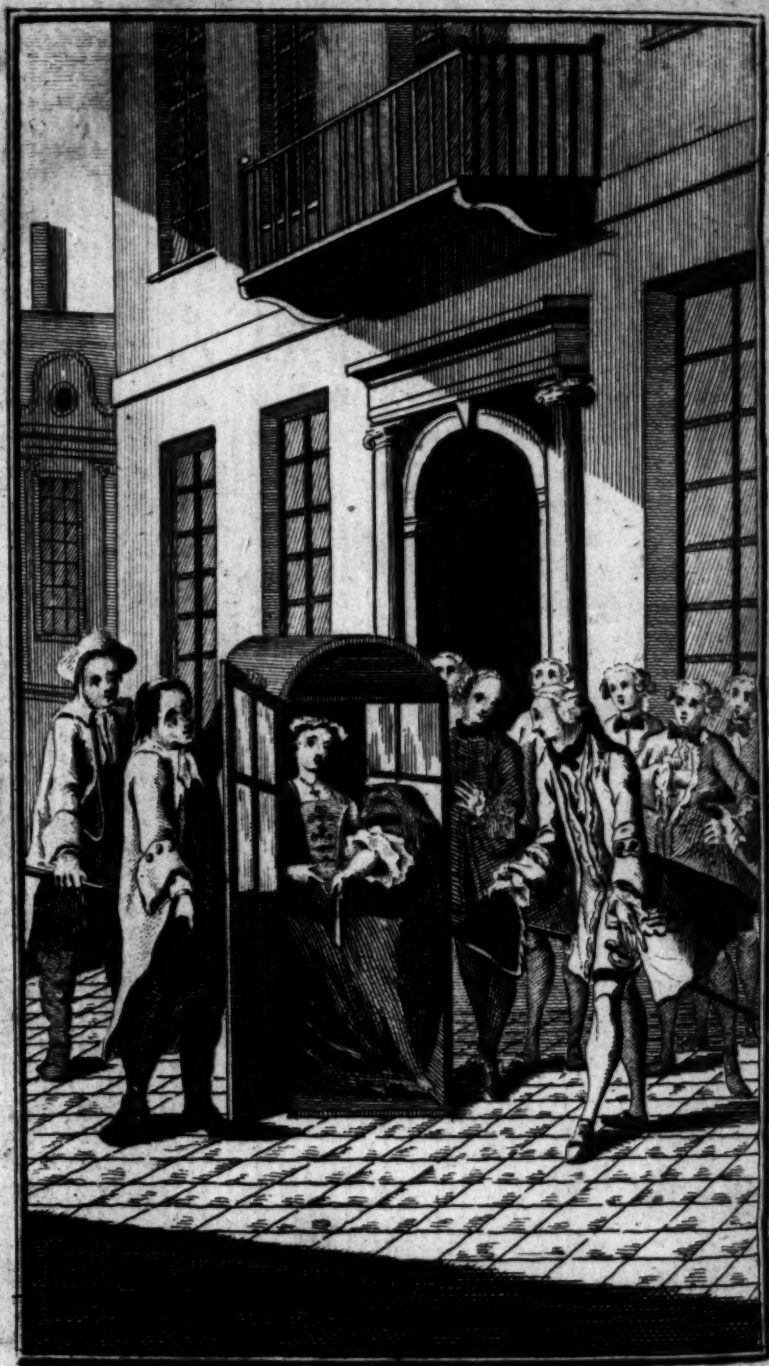
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# HISTORIES, FABLES, ALLEGORIES and CHARACTERS,

SELECTED FROM THE

## *Spectator and Guardian;*

Peculiarly adapted to form young Minds to a  
Love of VIRTUE, and an Abhorrence of  
VICE; viz.

Inkle and Yarico.  
Lætitia and Daphne.  
Socrates and Physiognomist.  
Eudoxus and Leontine.  
Constantia and Theodosius.  
An Atheistical Author sick.  
Herod and Mariamne.  
Eginhart and Imma.  
Renegado and Castilian.  
Dervise and K. of Tartary.  
The Drop of Water, a Fable.  
Two Westminster Scholars.  
The reduced Citizen.  
Madam de Villacerfe.  
Basilus and Alexandrinus.  
Amazon Commonwealth.  
Gypsy an Ambassador.  
Chremylus and Plutus.  
Biton and Clitobus.  
Rhynsault's just Punishment.  
Sultan Mahmoud and Visier.

Amb. of Bantam's Letter.  
Persian Glass-Man, a Fable.  
Fadlallah and Zemroude.  
Infidel Sultan and Doctor.  
On Providence, a Tradition.  
Pleasure and Pain, a Fable.  
Menippus and Jupiter.  
Persian Sultan's Justice.  
Timoleon and Providence.  
Androcles & Numidian Lion.  
Fr. Nobleman and Children.  
Santon Barfissa and Devil.  
R.T.'s Angel and her Maid.  
Helim the great Physician.  
The Knight made virtuous.  
Eugenius, or the charitable  
Man,  
Lycurgus, or the Father of  
his Family.  
Timogenes, or false Honour.  
Syncopeus, the Passionate.

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### THE SIXTH EDITION.

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To which are added, Remarks upon each Story, &c. by  
Way of Application, and a Dedication to Parents, &c.  
on the Importance of an early, virtuous EDUCATION.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WARCUS, the Corner of *Racquet-Court*, in  
*Fleet-Street*. M DCC L XII.

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# C O N T E N T S.

1	T H E History of <i>Inkle and Yarico</i>	Page 1
2	<i>Lætitia and Daphne</i>	3
3	<i>Socrates and a Physiognomist</i>	5
4	<i>Eudoxus and Leontine</i>	6
5	<i>Constantia and Theodosius</i>	10
6	<i>An Atheistical Author sick</i>	17
7	<i>Herod and Mariamne</i>	18
8	<i>Eginbart and Imma</i>	21
9	<i>The French Renegado's Treachery to the Castilian</i>	22
10	<i>A Derwise, and the King of Tartary</i>	25
11	<i>The Drop of Water. A Fable</i>	26
12	<i>The two Westminster Scholars</i>	27
13	<i>The reducea Citizen, happily relieved</i>	29
14	<i>The Magnanimity of Madam de Villacer</i>	33
15	<i>Basilius, and his Son Alexandrinus, with the Medicines for restoring Life</i>	36
16	<i>The Commonwealth of the Amazons</i>	39
17	<i>A Gypsy becomes an Ambassador</i>	44
18	<i>Chremylus and Plutus, an Allegory on Riches and Poverty</i>	45
19	<i>Biton's and Clitobus's filial Duty, remarkably rewarded</i>	47
20	<i>Rhynsault, the unjust Governor, justly punished</i>	48
21	<i>Sultan Mahmoud and his Visier, a Turkish Tale</i>	52
22	<i>Bantam Ambassador's Letter on excessive Compliments</i>	53
23	<i>The Persian Glass-Man's imaginary Riches, a Fable</i>	55

# C O N T E N T S.

24	<i>Fadlallah and Zemroude, a Persian Tale</i>	57
25	<i>The Infidel Sultan, and a Doctor in the Law</i>	61
26	<i>A Jewish Tradition, vindicating Providence</i>	63
27	<i>Pleasure and Pain. A Fable</i>	64
28	<i>Menippus's and Jupiter's Dialogues on ridiculous Prayers</i>	66
29	<i>The Persian Sultan's exemplary Justice</i>	69
30	<i>Timoleon's providential Preservation</i>	71
31	<i>Androcles, the Numidian Lion's Physician</i>	72
32	<i>A French Nobleman's extraordinary Discovery of his Children</i>	74
33	<i>Santon Barfissa, the Hermit, and the Devil</i>	77
34	<i>R—T—, and his proud Mistress</i>	80
35	<i>Helim, the great Physician</i>	84
36	<i>The Knight surprized into Virtue</i>	91
37	<i>Eugenius, or Charity without Expence; a Character</i>	93
38	<i>Lycurgus, or the Father of his Family</i>	94
39	<i>Timogenes, or the Man of false Honour</i>	95
40	<i>Syncopius, or the passionate Man</i>	96



TO



1796.

T O  
P A R E N T S,  
And all concerned in the  
IMPORTANT BUSINESS  
O F  
E D U C A T I O N.

UPON you, in a great Measure, depends the present, the future, the never-ending Happiness or Misery of those under your Care. If you are then concerned for their true Interest, diligently attend to the first Impressions; for earlier than is generally imagined, is the Mind capable of distinguishing Good and Evil; and if Virtue be carefully represented to the opening Understanding, as it really is, lovely and engaging, may it not bid fair to gain the innocent Heart, and have a happy Influence on the Whole after Life?

CUSTOM, you know, is a second Nature, and when Virtue is once become habitual, will not the Practice of it be as easy and pleasant as the Practice of Vice? The wise Man said, *The Ways of Wisdom, that is, Virtue, or Religion, are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace.*

“WHEN the Cretans would curse a Man, in the strongest Manner, they wished he might be engaged in some bad Custom, looking upon such a one as irrecoverably lost.”

“CRATES the Philosopher, used to stand in the highest Places of the City of Thebes, and cry out, O ye People, why do you toil to get Estates for your Children, when you take no Care of their Education? “This is (as Diogenes said) to take Care of the Shoe, but none of the Foot that is to wear it.”

“XENOPHON

“*XENOPHON* tells us, the *Persian* Children went to School, and employ'd their Time as diligently in learning the Principles of Justice and Sobriety, as the Youth in other Countries did to acquire the most difficult Arts and Sciences. Their Governors spent most of the Day in hearing their mutual Accusations one against another, whether for Violence, Cheating, Slander, or Ingratitude; and taught them how to give Judgment against those who were found to be any Way guilty of those Crimes.”

“*THE Indian Gymnosophists* used to ask every particular Scholar, before Dinner was served up, how he had employed his Time since Sun-rising? Some of them answer, that having been chosen as Arbitrators between two Persons, they have composed their Differences and made them Friends; some, that they have been executing the Orders of their Parents; and others, that they have either found out something new, by their own Application, or learnt it from the Instruction of their Fellows. But if there happens to be any one among them who cannot make it appear that he has employed the Morning to Advantage, he is immediately excluded from the Company, and obliged to work while the rest are at Dinner.”

“I HAVE heard of a good Man, who, at certain Times, used to give his Scholars Six pence a-piece, that they might tell him the next Day how they had employed it. A third Part was always to be laid out in Charity, and every Boy was blamed or commended, as he could make it appear he had chosen a fit Object.”

In the publick Schools of this Nation, blest'd with the divine Illuminations of the Christian Religion, which teaches such superior Degrees and Motives of Virtue, how shamefully do the Masters of them neglect the forming the Manners of their Scholars! *Mr. Locke* observes, “That a Man must have a strange Value for Words, when the Languages of the *Greeks* and *Romans* are preferred to that which made them such brave Men, and can think it worth while to hazard the Innocence and Virtue of his Son for a little *Latin* and *Greek*.”

LET me then intreat you to consider this Matter seriously; “for if the Foundation be rightly laid, we provide  
in

# D E D I C A T I O N. ix

in the surest Manner for our Childrens future Honour, and take the best Method to render their Learning and extensive Knowledge in the highest Degree *graceful and beneficial*, to make their Address polite, their Manners *ingenuous*, to *refine* their Dispositions, *enoble* their Views, and *fit them for Society and Friendship*. By this Means, their tender and susceptible Minds are guarded against those Excesses and false Pleasures which impair their Health, and corrupt their Manners, often to such a Degree, that they are never afterwards recovered to a due Strength and Vigour of either Body or Mind. Those therefore, who are negligent herein, may justly be said to be Barbarians, alienated from the Feelings of Humanity, and hardened against the tenderest Sympathies of Nature."

INDULGE me in mentioning one Part of Instruction, which should never fail to be instill'd into the Minds of Youth; for from thence proceeds every Thing great and good; that is, "the Knowledge of an Universal Parent, presiding over, and governing all Mankind; that they are bound to pay him the highest Reverence; that they owe to him all their Supports and Accommodations from their first Existence; that his Government is mild and gracious, and his Punishments, when he is obliged to correct, necessary, and for their Good; that he sees all their Follies, and that whatever they are afraid to do in the Presence of their earthly Parents, they should be much more solicitous not to indulge themselves in, under his constant Notice and Inspection."

ANOTHER most necessary Duty incumbent on Instructors of Youth, is, a constant Care to be exemplary in their own Conduct. "Be not luxurious, if you expect them to be moderate. If you are stiff and arrogant, can you expect them to be mild and condescending? If you are given to Fraud, can you expect them to be just? Or if you shew a narrow, partial, selfish Temper, can you expect them to be disinterested, generous, and diffusively benevolent?"  
 ——— If you do, vain are your Expectations, and certain will be your Disappointment.

"It is a Maxim too much inculcated, and put into Practice, that to *spare the Rod, is to spoil the Child*. A  
 more

more just and prudent Rule in Education, I am persuaded, is, *refrain from Severity, thereby to inspire the Child with sublime and generous Sentiments.* The Fear of Shame, so strongly implanted in the human Mind, and, notwithstanding the Prevalency of Vice at this Day, the strong Sense of it, which almost universally still prevails, will, if properly applied, generally prevent the Practice of Vice; and the Virtue, thus produced, will be much more extensive, and more certain and lasting in its Consequences. Indeed in Cases of invincible Obstinacy, where all Address of Influence and Persuasion, all Motives of Fear and Shame, do not produce a proper Conduct, it may be justifiable to use a severer Method, thereby to prevent, if possible, the fatal Effects of Excess to the vicious Person himself, the Blemish and Stain of the Family he belongs to, and also to secure the Peace and Order of Civil Society. But, if it should be found necessary to mix Punishments with Rewards, they should be so contrived and proportioned, as to nourish and strengthen, as much as is possible, the Sense of Ingenuity and Honour; that the Shame and Infamy of the Punishment may be the principal Circumstance adapted to deter, and the Glory and Dignity of the Reward to encourage. But, if possible, by Reason and Argument, by convincing them that their Duty is their Interest, by Kindness and Condescension, let Parents and others induce those under their Care, to love and confide in them, as the best Means to secure their Obedience."

To shew that Education should be made as pleasant as possible, *Spensippus* caused the Pictures of Love and Joy to be hung round his School. For the same Purpose, the following Stories, Fables, &c. may be made very subservient, by pleasingly and insensibly leading the Reader to a Love of the Virtues of some, and an Abhorrence of the Vices of others. Mr. *Addison* observes, that "among all the different Ways of giving Counsel, the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is Fable, in whatsoever Shape it appears. In reading a Fable, we are made to believe we advise ourselves. We peruse the Author for the Sake of the Story, and consider the Precepts rather as our Conclusions than his Instructions. If we look into antient Histories,



Histories, both sacred and profane, we find the wise Men of old very often chose to give Counsel to their Kings in Fables." However, it is too evident, that many Persons are only affected with what is uncommon and surprising in the Histories they read. The principal End of the Author, in the striking and useful Descriptions and Characters, all intended for us to imitate, or avoid, are entirely overlooked.

IN the Story of the reduced Citizen, the Characters and Circumstances of himself, his Wife, and Daughter, do, in a few Lines, point out many inexpressible, elegant and instructive Lessons.

THAT of *Rhynsault* has the following, and many more masterly, descriptive Beauties. *He knew what it was to enjoy the Satisfaction which are reaped from the Possession of Beauty, but was an utter Stranger to the Decencies, Honours and Delicacies that attend the Passion towards them in elegant Minds, &c.* In another Place, *Lust, like Ambition, takes all the Faculties of the Mind and Body into its Service and Subjection. All Humanity was lost in that one Appetite.*

To enumerate the Beauties of this Kind in the following Histories, &c. would be endless; and must it not then be an egregious Fault in Parents and Masters, to overlook what is so necessary, so advantageous?

"It would be of great Service to young Persons, if when they read, they were ask'd their Opinion of any remarkable Action or Saying; why they judge it to be good or bad; and how it might have been carried to a greater Degree of Perfection; but the Example of any particular Person should seldom, if ever, be recommended in the gross: It should be noted, where he excell'd, and where he was defective. For want of this Caution, young Persons are often so dazzled with the Lustre of a great Character, that they confound its Beauties with its Blemishes, and look upon the faulty Part of it with an Eye of Admiration.

THE Remarks added to the following Stories, &c. are intended to assist those who have not the Happiness of proper Helps in Education, or such as, through Pleasure or Business, do not sufficiently attend to what ought to be the main End of reading, namely, to inform and strengthen the

the Judgment in what is blameable or praise-worthy, and fix in the Mind proper Notions of Justice, Sincerity, Temperance, Civility, Friendship, Generosity, Compassion, Mercy, and other Virtues and Vices.—The Writer's Aim was to say what naturally arose out of the Stories, and was likely to serve the above-mentioned valuable Purposes. They were made without even consulting the Books from whence they are taken, at a Time of Indisposition, and Hurry of Family Avocations: This will plead with the Candid for their Defects; for the Author was far from being ambitious of appearing in Print.

THAT every one employed in the honourable, useful, and important Work of forming the human Mind, may meet with all possible Success, and a Reward suited to their Fidelity, in the arduous Task, is the hearty Wish of

*Their obedient Servant,*

**The EDITOR.**





## *The History of* INKLE and YARICO.

**M**R. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty Years, embarked in the *Downs*, in the good Ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the *West-Indies*, on the 16th of *June*, 1647, in order to improve his Fortune by Trade and Merchandize. Our Adventurer was the third Son of an eminent Citizen, who had taken particular Care to instill into his Mind an early Love of Gain, by making him a perfect Master of Numbers, and consequently giving him a quick View of Lo's and Advantage, and preventing the natural Impulses of his Passions, by Prepossession towards his Interests. With a Mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a Person every Way agreeable, a ruddy Vigour in his Countenance, Strength in his Limbs, with Ringlets of fair Hair loosely flowing on his Shoulders. It happened in the Course of the Voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some Distress, put into a Creek on the Main of *America* in Search, of Provisions: The Youth, who is the Hero of my Story, among others, went ashore on this Occasion. From their first Landing they were observed by a Party of *Indians*, who hid themselves in the Woods for that Purpose. The *English* unadvisedly marched a great Distance from the Shore into the Country, and were intercepted by the Natives, who slew the greatest Number of them. Our Adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a Forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless Part of the Wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little Hillock, when an *Indian* Maid rushed from a Thicket behind him: After the first Surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the Limbs, Features, and wild Graces of the naked *American*, the *American* was no less taken with the Dress, Complexion, and Shape of an *European*, covered from Head to Foot. The *Indian* grew immediately

enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his Preservation: She therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where she gave him a delicious Repast of Fruits, and led him to a Stream to slake his Thirst. In the Midst of these good Offices, she would sometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the Opposition of its Colour to that of her Fingers; then open his Bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a Person of Distinction, for she every Day came to him in a different Dress, of the most beautiful Shells, Bugles, and Beads. She likewise brought him a great many Spoils, which her other Lovers had presented to her; so that his Cave was richly adorned with all the spotted Skins of Beasts, and most party coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded. To make his Confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the Dusk of the Evening, or by the Favour of Moon-light, to unfrequented Groves and Solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in Safety, and sleep amidst the Falls of Waters, and Melody of Nightingales. Her Part was to watch and hold him asleep in her Arms, for fear of her Countrymen, and wake him on Occasions to consult his Safety. In this Manner did the Lovers pass away their Time, till they had learned a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his Country, where she should be cloathed in such Silks as his Waistcoat was made of, and be carried in Houses drawn by Horses, without being exposed to Wind or Weather. All this he promised her the Enjoyment of, without such Fears and Alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender Correspondence these Lovers lived for several Months with *Parico*, instructed by her Lover, discovered a Vessel on the Coast, to which she made Signals; and in the Night, with the utmost Joy and Satisfaction, accompanied him to a Ship's Crew of his Countrymen, bound for *Ba badets*. When a Vessel from the Main arrives in that Island, it seems the Planters come down to the Shore, where there is an immediate Market for the *Indian*, and other Slaves as with us of Horses and Oxen.

To be short, Mr. *Thomas Idle*, now coming in to *Eng-*  
*territories*, began seriously to reflect upon his Loss of  
 Time,





from the SPECTATOR, &c. 3

Time, and to weigh with himself how many Days Interest of his Money he had lost during his Stay with *Yarico*. This Thought made the young Man very pensive and careful what Account he should be able to give his Friends of his Voyage. Upon which Considerations, the prudent and frugal young Man sold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* Merchant; notwithstanding that the poor Girl, to incline him to commiserate her Condition, told him that she was with Child by him: But he only made Use of that Information, to rise in his Demands upon the Purchaser.

#### THE APPLICATION.

What Heart possessed of a Spark of Humanity, can avoid abhorring the sordid, black Ingratitude and base Treachery of *Inkle*; or seeing the fatal Tendency of making the Love of Gain the ruling Principle, which could, even in a youthful and amorous Heart, destroy every social Virtue, every humane and grateful Disposition, and sink the Person governed by it below the most rapacious Animal; for the Tyger kills to satisfy his Hunger; but more cruel *Inkle* betrays to Misery his Protector, his Benefactor, his Deliverer, only to fill his Purse; and of so little Moment is Difference of Country to determine a Person's true Character, that we see here those honest, tender and generous Sentiments in a wild *Indian*, which were wretchedly wanting, nay, perverted into the vilest Conduct, in one of a polite Nation.

#### LÆTITIA and DAPHNE.

A Friend of mine has two Daughters, whom I will call *Lætitia* and *Daphne*; the former is one of the greatest Beauties of the Age in which she lives, the other, no way remarkable for any Charms in her Person. Upon this one Circumstance of their outward Form, the Good and Ill of their Life seem to turn. *Lætitia* has not, from her very Childhood, heard any Thing else but Commendations of her Features and Complexion; by which Means she is no other than Nature made her, a very beautiful Outside. The Consciousness of her Charms has rendered

## 4 HISTORIES and FABLES

her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almost Twenty before one civil Thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some Accomplishments, to make up for the Want of those Attractions which she saw in her Sister. Poor *Daphne* was seldom submitted to in any Debate wherein she was concerned; her Discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good Sense of it, and she was always under a Necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while *Lætitia* was listened to with Partiality; and Approbation sat in the Countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These Causes have produced suitable Effects, and *Lætitia* is as insipid a Companion as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Lætitia*, confident of Favour, has studied no Arts to please; *Daphne*, despairing of any Inclination towards her Person, has depended only on her Merit. *Lætitia* has always something in her Air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. *Daphne*, has a Countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young Gentleman saw *Lætitia* this Winter at a Play, and became her Captive. His Fortune was such, that he wanted very little Introduction to speak his Sentiments to her Father. The Lover was admitted with the utmost Freedom into the Family, where a constrained Behaviour, severe Looks, and distant Civilities, were the highest Favours he could obtain of *Lætitia*; while *Daphne* used him with the good Humour, Familiarity, and innocence of a Sister; insomuch that he would often say to her, *Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia!* — She received such Language with that ingenuous and pleasing Mirth, which is natural to a Woman without Design. He still sigh'd in vain for *Lætitia*, but found certain Relief in the agreeable Conversation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with the haughty Impertinence of *Lætitia*, and charmed with the repeated Instances of good Humour he had observed in *Daphne*, he one Day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with. — *Faith, Daphne*, continued he, *I am in Love with thee, and despise thy Sister sincerely.* The Manner of his declaring himself gave his Mistress Occasion  
for

for a very hearty Laughter.—*Nay*, says he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I'll ask your Father.* He did so; the Father received his Intelligence with no less Joy than Surprise, and was very glad he had now no Care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to Market at his Leisure. I do not know any Thing that has pleased me so much this great while, as this Conquest of my Friend *Daphne*. All her Acquaintance congratulated her upon her Chance Medley, and laughed at that premeditating Murderer her Sister. As it is an Argument of a light Mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the Imperfections of our Persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the Advantages of them.

### THE APPLICATION.

See, in the Fate of *Letitia*, how weak the Charms, how short-lived the Triumph of Beauty, when attended with Pride and Insolence; while the artless *Daphne's* Conquest shews the powerful Attraction of a well-cultivated Mind, and a humble, cheerful, obliging Behaviour; and did Men more generally pay a Regard to real Worth in the Choice of a Partner for Life, the Fair Sex would doubtless be more careful to adorn their Minds, instead of trusting so much to the fading Charms of their Persons.

### Socrates and a Physiognomist.

THERE chanced to be a great Physiognomist at *Athens*, who had made strange Discoveries of Mens Tempers and Inclinations by their outward Appearances. *Socrates's* Disciples, that they might put this Artist to the Trial, carried him to their Master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in Company with him. After a short Examination of his Face, the Physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old Fellow, that ever he had met with in his whole Life. Upon which the Disciples all burst out laughing, as thinking they had detected the Falshood and Vanity of his Art: But *Socrates* told them, that the Principles of his Art might be very true, notwithstanding his

present Mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular Vices which the Physiognomist had discovered in his Countenance, but that he had conquered the strong Dispositions he was born with, by the Dictates of Philosophy.

We are indeed told, by an ancient Author, that *Socrates* very much resembled *Silenus* in his Face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from all the Statues and Busts of both, that are still extant; as well as on several antique seals and precious Stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the Cabinets of the Curious. But however Observations of this Nature may sometimes hold, a wise Man should be particularly cautious how he gives Credit to a Man's outward Appearance. It is an irreparable Injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the Looks and Features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive Hatred against a Person of Worth, or fancy a Man to be proud and ill-natured by his Aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much, when we are acquainted with his real Character.

#### THE APPLICATION.

We may learn from this Story the Force of true Wisdom, which can restrain and change the worst Dispositions, tho' ever so strongly seated in the Constitution; for the Light of Nature planed in every Heart, leaves all Men without Excuse who tread in the Paths of Vice, but greatly enhanced must their Guilt be, who enjoy the Blessing of Divine Revelation, yet neglect its sacred Dictates.

#### EUDOXUS and LEONTINE.

**E**UDOXUS and *Leontine* began the World with small Estates. They were both of them Men of good Sense and great Virtue. They prosecuted their Studies together in their earliest Years, and entered into such a Friendship as lasted to the End of their Lives. *Eudoxus*, at his first setting out in the World, threw himself into a Court, where, by his natural Endowments and his acquire'd Abilities, he made his Way from one Post to another, 'till  
at



at length he had raised a very considerable Fortune. *Leontine* on the contrary, sought all Opportunities of improving his Mind by Study, Conversation and Travel. He was not only acquainted with all the Sciences, but with the most eminent Professors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly well the Interests of its Princes, with the Customs and Fashions of their Courts, and could scarce meet with the Name of an extraordinary Person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his Knowledge of Men and Books, that he made one of the most accomplished Persons of his Age. During the whole Course of his Studies and Travels he kept up a punctual Correspondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal Men about Court by the Intelligence which he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turned of Forty (an Age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, *there is no dallying with Life*) they determined, pursuant to the Resolution they had taken in the Beginning of their Lives, to retire, and pass the Remainder of their Days in the Country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same Time. *Leontine*, with his own and his Wife's Fortune, bought a Farm of three Hundred a Year, which lay within the Neighbourhood of his Friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchased an Estate of as many Thousands. They were both *Fathers* about the same Time, *Eudoxus* having a Son born to him, and *Leontine* a Daughter; but to the unspeakable Grief of the latter, his young Wife (in whom all his Happiness was wrapt up) died in a few Days after the Birth of her Daughter. His Affliction would have been insupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily Visits and Conversation of his Friend. As they were one Day talking together with their usual Intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his Daughter a proper Education in his own House, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary Behaviour of a Son who knows himself to be the Heir of a great Estate, they both agreed upon an Exchange of Children, namely, that the Boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his Son, and that the Girl should live with *Eudoxus*

as his Daughter, till they were each of them arrived at Years of Discretion. The Wife of *Eudoxus* knowing that her Son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the Care of *Leontine*, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own Eye, was, by Degrees, prevail'd upon to fall in with the Project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, for that was the Name of the Girl, and educated her as her own Daughter. The two Friends on each Side, had wrought themselves to such an habitual Tenderness for the Children who were under their Direction, that each of them had the real Passion of a Father, where the Title was but imaginary. *Florio*, the Name of the young Heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the Duty and Affection imaginable for his supposed Parent, was taught to rejoice at the Sight of *Eudoxus*, who visited his Friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural Affection, as well as by the Rules of Prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by *Florio*. The Boy was now old enough to know his supposed Father's Circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his Way in the World by his own Industry. This Consideration grew stronger in him every Day, and produced so good an Effect, that he applied himself, with more than ordinary Attention, to the Pursuit of every Thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural Abilities, which were very good, assisted by the Directions of so excellent a Counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker Progress than ordinary through all the Parts of his Education. Before he was twenty Years of Age, having finished his Studies and Exercises with great Applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable Proficients in the Studies of the Place, who know they shall arrive at great Estates without them. This was not *Florio's* Case; he found that three hundred a Year was but a poor Estate for *Leontine* and himself to live upon, so that he studied without Intermision, still he gained a very good Insight into the Constitution and Laws of his Country.

I should have told my Reader, that, whilst *Florio* lived at the House of his Foster Father, he was always an acceptable

able Guest in the Family of *Eudoxus*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her Infancy. His Acquaintance with her by Degrees grew into Love, which, in a Mind trained up in all the Sentiments of Honour and Virtue, became a very uneasy Passion. He despaired of gaining an Heiress of so great a Fortune, and would rather have died, than attempted it by any indirect Methods. *Leonilla*, who was a Woman of the greatest Beauty, joined with the greatest Modesty, entertained at the same Time a secret Passion for *Florio*, but conducted herself with so much Prudence, that she never gave him the least Intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all those Arts and Improvements that are proper to raise a Man's private Fortune, and give him a Figure in his Country; but secretly tormented with that Passion which burns with the greatest Fury in a virtuous and noble Heart, when he received a sudden Summons from *Leontine* to repair to him in the Country the next Day; for it seems *Eudoxus* was so filled with the Report of his Son's Reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The Morning after his Arrival at the House of his supposed Father, *Leontine* told him, that *Eudoxus* had something of great Importance to communicate to him; upon which, the good Man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great House that stood in his Neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the Hand, after the first Salutes were over, and conducted him into his Closet. He there opened to him the whole Secret of his Parentage and Education, concluding after this Manner, *I have no other Way left of acknowledging my Gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his Daughter. He shall not lose the Pleasure of being your Father, by the Discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall be still my Daughter; her filial Piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest Reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the Pleasure of seeing a great Estate fall to you, which you would have lost the Relish of had you known you self born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same Manner you did before you was possessed of it. I have left your Mother in the next Room. Her Heart yearns towards you. She is making the same Discoveries to Leonilla which I have made*



## 10 HISTORIES and FABLES

*to yourself.* Florio was so overwhelmed with this Profusion of Happiness, that he was not able to make a Reply, but threw himself down at his Father's Feet, and amidst a Flood of Tears, kissed and embraced his Knees, asking his Blessing, and expressing in dumb Shew those Sentiments of Love, Duty and Gratitude, that were too big for Utterance. To conclude, the happy Pair were married, and half *Eudoxus's* Estate settled upon them. *Leontine* and *Eudoxus* passed the Remainder of their Lives together; and received, in the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla*, the just Recompence, as well as the natural Effects, of that Care which they had bestowed upon them in their Education.

### THE APPLICATION.

In *Eudoxus* and *Leontine*, we have a rare Instance of a perfect Friendship, kept up in a great Inequality of Circumstances. The generous Mind will never value itself upon what can make no Part of its Worth, but as it is worthily employed. Their Conduct to their Children well shews their just Sense of Things; how requisite a liberal Education and a virtuous Conduct is to adorn a great Estate. Were this more attended to, we should not so often see mean Spirits, and rude and ridiculous Behaviour in Men of Fortune, whose Wealth only serves to expose them more strongly.

### CONSTANTIA and THEODOSIUS.

**C**ONSTANTIA was a Woman of extraordinary Wit and Beauty, but very unhappy in a Father, who having arrived at great Riches by his own Industry, took Delight in nothing but his Money. *Theodosius* was the younger Son of a decayed Family, of great Parts and Learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous Education. When he was in the twentieth Year of his Age, he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few Miles distance from her Father's House, he had frequent Opportunities of seeing her: and by the Advantages of a good Person and a pleasing Conversation, made such an Impression on her Heart, as it was impossible for Time to efface: He was himself



himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long Acquaintance made them still discover new Beauties in each other, and by Degrees, raised in them that mutual Passion, which had an Influence on their following Lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the Midst of this Intercourse of Love and Friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable Quarrel between their Parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his Birth, and the other upon his Possessions. The Father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the Father of *Theodosius*, that he contracted an unreasonable Aversion towards his Son, in so much that he forbade him his House, and charged his Daughter upon her Duty, never to see him more. In the mean Time, to break off all Communication between the two Lovers, who he knew entertained secret Hopes of some favourable Opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young Gentleman of a good Fortune and an agreeable Person, whom he pitched upon as a Husband for his Daughter. He soon concerted this Affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his Design to marry her to such a Gentleman, and that her Wedding should be celebrated on such a Day. *Constantia*, who was overawed with the Authority of her Father, and unable to object any Thing against so advantageous a Match, received the Proposal with a profound Silence, which her Father commended in her, as the most decent Manner of a Virgin's giving her Consent to an Overture of that Kind. The Noise of this intended Marriage soon reach'd *Theodosius*, who, after a long Tumult of Passions, which naturally rise in a Lover's Heart on such an Occasion, writ the following Letter to *Constantia*.

THE Thought of my *Constantia*, which for some Years has been my only Happiness, is now become a greater Torment to me than I am able to bear, must I then live to see you another's? The Streams, the Fields, and Meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me: Life itself is become a Burthen. May you long be happy in the World, but forget that there was ever such a Man in it as

THEODOSIUS:

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This

This Letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very Evening, who fainted at the Reading of it; and the next Morning she was much more alarmed by two or three Messengers, that came to her Father's House, one after another, to enquire if they had heard any Thing of *Theodosius*, who it seems had left his Chamber about Midnight, and could no where be found. The deep Melancholy which had hung on his Mind some Time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *Constantia*, who knew that nothing but the Report of her Marriage could have driven him to such Extremities, was not to be comforted: She now accused herself for having so tamely given an Ear to the Proposal of a Husband, and looked upon the new Lover, as the Murderer of *Theodosius*: In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost Effects of her Father's Displeasure, rather than comply with a Marriage, which appeared to her so full of Guilt and Horror. The Father, seeing himself entirely rid of *Theodosius*, and likely to keep a considerable Portion in his Family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate Refusal of his Daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that Account to his intended Son-in-law, who had all along regarded this Alliance rather as a Marriage of Convenience than Love. *Constantia* had now no Relief, but in her Devotions and Exercises of Religion, to which her Afflictions had so entirely subjected her Mind, that after some Years had abated the Violence of her Sorrows, and settled her Thoughts in a Kind of Tranquility, she resolved to pass the Remainder of her Days in a Convent. Her Father was not displeased with a Resolution, which would save Money in his Family, and readily complied with his Daughter's Intentions. Accordingly, in the Twenty fifth Year of her Age, while her Beauty was yet in all its Height and Bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring City, in order to lock out a Sisterhood of Nuns, among whom to place his Daughter. There was in this Place, a Father of a Convent, who was very much renowned for his Piety and exemplary Life; and, as it is usual in the *Romish* Church, for those who are under any great Affliction, or Trouble of Mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent

gent Confessor for Pardon and Consolation, our beautiful Votary took the Opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to *Theodosius*, who, the very Morning that the above-mentioned Enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious House in the City where now *Constantia* resided; and desiring the Secrecy and Concealment of the Fathers of the Convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary Occasion, he made himself one of the Order, with a private Vow never to enquire after *Constantia*; whom he looked upon as given away to his Rival, upon the Day on which, according to common Fame, their Marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his Youth made a good Progress in Learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to Religion, he entered into Holy Orders, and in a few Years became renowned for his Sanctity of Life, and those pious Sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this Holy Man to whom *Constantia* had determined to apply herself in Confession, tho' neither she or any other, besides the Prior of the Convent, knew any thing of his Name or Family. The gay, the amiable *Theodosius*, had now taken upon him the Name of Father *Francis*; and was so far concealed in a long Beard, a shaven Head, and a religious Habit, that it was impossible to discover the Man of the World in the venerable Conventual.

As he was one Morning shut up in his Confessional, *Constantia*, kneeling by him, opened the State of her Soul to him; and after having given him a History of a Life full of Innocence, she burst out in Tears, and entered upon that Part of her Story, in which he himself had so great a Share. My Behaviour, says she, has, I fear, been the Death of a Man who had no other Fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows, how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the Remembrance of him has been to me since his Death. She here paused, and lifted up her Eyes that streamed with Tears towards the Father; who was so moved with the Sense of her Sorrows, that he could only command his Voice,  
which



## 14 HISTORIES and FABLES

which was broke with Sighs and Sobblings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his Directions, and in a Flood of Tears poured out her Heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the Agonies of his Grief the Seat shook under him. *Constantia*, who thought the good Man was thus moved by his Compassion towards her, and by the Horror of her Guilt, proceeded with the utmost Contrition to acquaint him with that Vow of Virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as a proper Attonement for her Sins, and the only Sacrifice she could make to the Memory of *Theodosius*. The Father, who by this Time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in Tears upon hearing that Name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this Instance of an unparalled Fidelity from one who he thought had several Years since given herself up to the Possession of another. Amidst the Interruptions of his Sorrows, seeing his Penitent overwhelmed with Grief, he was only able to bid her from Time to Time be comforted — To tell her that her Sins were forgiven her — That her Guilt was not so great as she apprehended — That she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above Measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the Absolution in Form directing her at the same Time to repair to him again the next Day, that he might encourage her in the pious Resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable Exhortations for her Behaviour in it. *Constantia* retired, and the next Morning renewed her Applications. *Theodosius*, having manned his Soul with proper Thoughts and Reflections, exerted himself upon this Occasion in the best Manner he could to animate his Penitent in the Course of Life she was entering upon, and wear out of her Mind, those groundless Fears and Apprehensions which had taken Possession of it ; concluding with a Promise to her, that he would from Time to Time continue his Admonitions, when he should have taken upon her the holy Veil. The Rules of our respective Orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a Place in my Prayers, but of receiving such frequent Instructions as I can convey to you  
by



by Letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious Course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such Peace and Satisfaction in your Mind, which it is not in the Power of the World to give.

*Constantia's* Heart was so elevated with the Discourse of Father *Francis*, that the very next Day she entered upon her Vow. As soon as the Solemnities of her Reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own Apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the Night before of all that had passed between her Noviciate and Father *Francis*, from whom she now delivered to her the following Letter.

‘ **A**S the first Fruits of those Joys and Consolations which you may expect from the Life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that *Theodosius*, whose Death sits so heavy upon your Thoughts, is still alive; and that the Father to whom you have confessed yourself was once that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament. The Love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in its Disappointment than it could have done in its Success. Providence has disposed of us for our Advantage, tho’ not according to our Wishes. Consider your *Theodosius* still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

‘ F R A N C I S.’

*Constantia* saw that the Hand-writing agreed with the Contents of the Letter; and upon reflecting on the Voice of the Person, the Behaviour, and above all the extreme Sorrow of the Father during her Confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every Particular. After having wept with Tears of Joy, it is enough, says she, *Theodosius* is still in Being; I shall live in Comfort, and die in Peace.

The Letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young Religious, in order to inspire them with good Resolutions and Sentiments of Virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten Years in the Cloister, a violent Fever broke out in the Place, which

which swept away great Multitudes, and among others, *Theodosius*. Upon his Death-Bed he sent his Benediction in a very moving Manner to *Constantia*, who at that Time was herself so far gone in the same fatal Distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the Interval which generally precedes Death in Sickneses of this Nature, the Abbess finding that the Physicians had given her over, told her, that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his Benediction in his last Moments. *Constantia* received it with Pleasure: And now, says she, if I do not ask any Thing improper, let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My Vow reaches no farther than the Grave. What I ask is, I hope, no Violation of it—She died soon after, and was interred according to her Request.

Their Tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin Inscription over them to the following Purport.

Here lie the Bodies of Father *Francis* and Sister *Constance*. *They were lovely in their Lives, and in their Deaths were not divided.*

#### THE APPLICATION.

It is impossible for a Mind untainted with mean, interested Views, not to feel a Variety of Emotions from this affecting Narrative. The deep Distress of these amiable Lovers, speaks the Necessity of guarding ourselves against the too powerful Influences of even the noblest of human Passions; lest, in the Midst of our flattering Prospects, when Things seem most to favour us, some unexpected Stroke should suddenly dash our Hopes, and cause the Mind, enervated by the soft Passion, to sink beneath its Woes. In *Constantia's* Father, how cruel does their Tyranny appear, who arrogate to themselves an arbitrary Right over their Children or Wards, and sacrifice to their own groveling Passions, or capricious Humour, their real Happiness, to promote which is the very Design and Limits of their Authority? As a bitter Consequence of this unnatural Conduct, we see here two Persons, the best form'd for being Blessings to Society, lost to all its Duties and Enjoyments, and drove into a State of inactive Recluseness.

*An Atheistical Author sick.*

**A**N Atheistical Author, who, at a Time when he lay dangerously sick, and had desired the Assistance of a neighbouring Curate, confessed to him, with great Contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his Heart, than the Sense of his having seduced the Age by his Writings, and that their evil Influence was likely to continue even after his Death. The Curate, upon further Examination, finding the Penitent in the utmost Agonies of Despair, and being himself a Man of Learning, told him, that he hoped his Case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his Fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The Penitent still urged the evil Tendency of his Book to subvert all Religion, and the little Ground of Hope there could be for one, whose Writings would continue to do Mischief when his Body was laid in Ashes. The Curate, finding no other Way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil Design with which he published his Book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no Danger of its doing any Hurt. That his Cause was so very bad, and his Arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill Effects of it.

In short, that he might rest satisfied his Book could do no more Mischief after his Death, than it had done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his further Satisfaction, that he did not believe any, besides his particular Friends and Acquaintance, had ever been at the Pains of reading it, or that any Body after his Death would ever enquire after it. The dying Man had still so much of the Frailty of an Author in him, as to be cut to the Heart with these Consolations; and without answering the good Man, asked his Friends about him (with a Peevishness that is natural to a sick Person) where they had picked up such a Blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper Person to attend one in his Condition? The Curate, finding that the Author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere Penitent, but as a Penitent of Importance,



## 18 HISTORIES and FABLES

tance, after a short Admonition, withdrew ; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the Sickneſs grew deſperate. The Author however recover'd, and has ſince written two or three other Tracts with the ſame Spirit, and very luckily for his poor Soul with the ſame Succeſs.

### The APPLICATION.

How hard it is to divest ourſelves of a fond Conceit of our own Abilities, even when employed in a bad Cauſe? A truly humble Opinion of ourſelves is perhaps one of the laſt Virtues we ſhall attain — In this Author we ſee how uncertain the Sincerity of a Death-bed Repentance is, while Fear would, as it were, bribe our Judge with ſhort-lived Remorſe and Profeſſions of Amendment, which we recall as ſoon as the Danger diſappears.

### HEROD and MARIAMNE.

**M**ARIAMNE had all the Charms that Beauty, Birth, Wit and Youth could give a Woman, and *Herod* all the Love that ſuch Charms are able to raiſe in a warm and amorous Diſpoſition. In the miſt of this his Fondneſs for *Mariamne*, he put her Brother to Death, as he did her Father not many Years after. The Barbarity of the Action was repreſented to *Mark Antony*, who immediately ſummoned *Herod* into *Egypt*, to answer for the Crime that was there laid to his Charge. *Herod* attributed the Summons to *Antony's* Deſire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore, before his Departure, he gave into the Cuſtody of his Uncle *Joſeph*, with private Orders to put her to Death, if any ſuch Violence was offered to himſelf. This *Joſeph* was much delighted with *Mariamne's* Converſation, and endeavoured with all his Art and Rhetorick to ſet out the Exceſs of *Herod's* Paſſion for her; but when he ſtill found her cold and incredulous, he inconfiderately told her, as a certain Inſtance of her Lord's Affection, the private Orders he had left behind him, which plainly ſhewed, according to *Joſeph's* Interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous Inſtance of a wild, unreaſonable Paſſion, quite put out, for a Time, thoſe little

Remains



Remains of Affection she still had for her Lord : For now her Thoughts were so wholly taken up with the Cruelty of his Orders, that she could not consider the Kindness that produced them, and therefore represented them in her Imagination, rather under the frightful Idea of a Murderer than a Lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and dismissed by *Mark Antony*, when his Soul was all in Flames for his *Mariamne* ; but, before their Meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the Report he had heard of his Uncle's Conversation and Familiarity with her in his Absence. This therefore was the first Discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy Matter to quiet his Suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her Innocence, that from Reproaches and Wranglings he fell to Tears and Embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their Reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole Soul to her in the warmest Protections of Love and Constancy ; when amidst all his Sighs and Languishings, she asked him whether the private Order he left with his Uncle *Joseph*, was an Instance of such an inflamed Affection. The jealous King was immediately roused at so unexpected a Question, and concluded his Uncle must have been too familiar with her, before he could have discovered such a Secret. In short, he put his Uncle to Death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare *Mariamne*.

After this, he was forced on a second Journey into *Egypt*, when he committed his Lady to the Care of *Sobemus*, with the same private Orders he had before given his Uncle, if any Mischief befel himself. In the mean while *Mariamne* so won upon *Sobemus* by her Presents and obliging Conversation, that she drew all the Secret from him, with which *Herod* had entrusted him ; so that, after his Return, when he flew to her with all the Transports of Joy and Love, she received him coldly with Sighs and Tears, and all the Marks of Indifference and Aversion. This Reception so stirred up his Indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own Hands, had he not feared he himself should have become the greater Sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent Storm of Love upon him ; *Mariamne* was therefore sent for to him, whom

whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal Caresses and Endearments; but she declined his Embrace, and answered all his Fondness with bitter Invectives for the Death of her Father and her Brother. This Behaviour so incensed *Herod*, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the Heat of their Quarrel there came in a Witness, suborned by some of *Mariamne's* Enemies, who accused her to the King of a Design to poison him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any thing to her Prejudice, and immediately ordered her Servant to be stretched upon the Rack; who, in the Extremity of his Tortures, confessed, that his Mistress's Aversion to the King arose from something *Sobemus* had told her; but as for any Design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least Knowledge of it. This Confession quickly proved fatal to *Sobemus*, who now lay under the same Suspicion and Sentence that *Joseph* had, before him, on the like Occasion. Nor would *Herod* rest here; but accused her with great Vehemence of a Design upon his Life, and by his Authority with the Judges, had her publicly condemned and executed. *Herod* soon after her Death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the publick Administration of Affairs into a solitary Forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black Considerations which naturally arise from a Passion made up of Love, Remorse, Pity and Despair. He used to rave for his *Mariamne*, and to call upon her in his distracted Fits; and in all Probability would soon have followed her, had not his Thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an Object, by publick Storms which at that Time very nearly threatened him.

#### THE APPLICATION.

In *Herod* may be seen, of how little Value are the strongest Professions of Love, or Friendship, in a Heart abandoned to the wild Starts of Passion, which frequently flies from one Extreme to another, and with as little Cause hates To-day, as it adored Yesterday; and in *Mariamne* we learn the dangerous Indiscretion of exposing ourselves to the Resentment of such Persons, however just our Expostulations may be; for it is well observed

served, that the Injurious seldom forgive being told of the Injury, and that it is putting a Sword into a Madman's Hand.

EGINHART and IMMA.

EGINHART, who was Secretary to *Charles the Great*, became exceeding popular by his Behaviour in that Post. His great Abilities gained him the Favour of his Master, and the Esteem of the whole Court. *Imma*, the Daughter of the Emperor, was so pleased with his Person and Conversation, that she fell in Love with him. As she was one of the greatest Beauties of the Age, *Eginhart* answered her with a more than equal Return of Passion. They stifled their Flame for some Time, under Apprehensions of the fatal Consequences that might ensue. *Eginhart* at length resolving to hazard all, rather than live deprived of one whom his Heart was so much set upon, conveyed himself one Night into the Princess's Apartment, and, knocking gently at the Door, was admitted as a Person who had something to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private most Part of the Night; but, upon his preparing to go away about Break of Day, he observed that there had fallen a great Snow during his Stay with the Princess. This very much perplexed him, lest the Prints of his Feet in the Snow might make Discoveries to the King, who often used to visit his Daughter in the Morning. He acquainted the Princess *Imma* with his Fears; who, after some Deliberations upon the Matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the Snow upon her own Shoulders. It happened that the Emperor, not being able to sleep, was at that Time up and walking in his Chamber, when, upon looking through the Window, he perceived his Daughter tottering under her Burden, and carrying his first Minister across the Snow; which she had no sooner done, but she returned again with the utmost Speed to her own Apartment. The Emperor was extremely troubled and astonished at this Accident; but resolved to speak nothing of it till a proper Opportunity. In the mean Time, *Eginhart*, knowing that



## 22 HISTORIES and FABLES

that what he had done could not be long a Secret, determined to retire from Court, and in order to it begged the Emperor that he would be pleased to dismiss him, pretending a kind of Discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long Services. The Emperor would not give a direct Answer to his Petition, but told him, he would think of it, and appointed a certain Day when he would let him know his Pleasure. He then called together the most faithful of his Counsellors, and acquainted them with his Secretary's Crime, asking them their Advice in so delicate an Affair. They most of them gave their Opinion, that the Person could not be too severely punished who had thus dishonoured his Master. Upon the whole Debate, the Emperor declared it was his Opinion, that *Eginbari's* Punishment would rather encrease than diminish the Shame of his Family, and that therefore he thought it most advisable to wear out the Memory of the Fact, by marrying him to his Daughter. Accordingly *Eginbari* was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any Pretence of complaining his Services were not rewarded, for that the Princess *Imma* should be given him in Marriage, with a Dower suitable to her Quality; which was soon after performed accordingly.

### The APPLICATION.

It may sometimes be prudent to smother Resentment, and repay even great Offences with great Benefits. By this Means we may gain over a dangerous Enemy to be a faithful Friend, as well as enjoy the God-like Pleasure of returning Good for Evil.

### The FRENCH Renegado.

**A**N Inhabitant of the Kingdom of *Castile*, being a Man of more than ordinary Prudence, and of a grave composed Behaviour, determined about the fiftieth Year of his Age, to enter upon Wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his Eye upon a young Woman, who had nothing to recommend her but her Beauty and her Education, her Parents having been reduced to  
great



great Poverty by the Wars, which for some Years had laid that whole Country waste. The *Castilian* having made his Addresses to her, and married her, they lived together in perfect Happiness for some Time; when at length the Husband's Affairs made it necessary for him to take a Voyage to the Kingdom of *Naples*, where a great Part of his Estate lay. The Wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a Shipboard above a Day, when they unluckily fell into the Hands of an *Algerine* Pirate, who carried the whole Company on Shore, and made them Slaves. The *Castilian* and his Wife had the Comfort to be under the same Master, who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their Liberty, demanded a most exorbitant Price for their Ransom. The *Castilian*, though he would rather have died in Slavery himself, than have paid such a Sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with Compassion towards his Wife, that he sent repeated Orders to his Friend in *Spain* (who happened to be his next Relation) to sell his Estate, and transmit the Money to him. His Friend, hoping that the Terms of his Ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an Estate which he himself had some Prospect of inheriting, formed so many Delays, that three whole Years passed away without any Thing being done for the setting of them at Liberty. There happened to live a *French* Renegado in the same Place where the *Castilian* and his Wife were kept Prisoners. As this Fellow had in him all the Vivacity of his Nation, he often entertained the Captives with Accounts of his own Adventures; to which he sometimes added a Song or a Dance, or some other Piece of Mirth, to divert them, during their Confinement. His Acquaintance with the Manners of the *Algerines*, enabled him likewise to do them several good Offices. The *Castilian*, as he was one Day in Conversation with this Renegado, discovered to him the Negligence and Treachery of his Correspondent in *Casile*, and at the same Time asked his Advice, how he should behave himself in that Exigency: He further told the Renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the Money, unless he himself might go over

## 24 HISTORIES and FABLES

to dispose of his Estate. The Renegado, after having represented to him, that his *Algerine* Master would never consent to his Release upon such Pretence, at length contrived a Method for the *Castilian* to make his Escape in the Habit of a Seaman. The *Castilian* succeeded in his Attempt, and having sold his Estate, being afraid lest the Money should miscarry by the Way, and determining to perish with it, rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his Life, he returned himself in a little Vessel that was going to *Algiers*. It is impossible to describe the Joy he felt upon this Occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the Wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon Piece of Generosity.

The Renegado, during the Husband's Absence, so insinuated himself into the good Graces of his young Wife, and so turned her Head with Stories of Gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest Gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her Mind was quite alienated from the honest *Castilian*, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old Fellow, unworthy the Possession of so charming a Creature. She had been instructed by the Renegado how to manage herself upon his Arrival; so that she received him with an Appearance of the utmost Love and Gratitude, and at length perswaded him to trust their common Friend the Renegado with the Money he had brought over for their Ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the Terms of it, and negotiate the Affair more to their Advantage than they themselves could do. The good Man admired her Prudence, and followed her Advice. I wish I could conceal the Sequel of this Story, but, since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few Words as possible. The *Castilian* having slept longer than ordinary the next Morning, upon his awaking found his Wife had left him: He immediately arose, and enquired after her, but was told, that she was seen with the Renegado about Break of Day. In a Word, her Lover having got all Things ready, they soon made their Escape out of the Territories of *Algiers*, carried away the Money, and left the *Castilian* in Captivity; who, partly through the cruel Treatment of the incensed *Algerine* his Master, and partly

partly through the unkind Usage of his unfaithful Wife, died some few Months after.

The APPLICATION.

This Story, like the first in the Book, is almost too plain to need a Remark, and too black to bear one. The basest Returns for the greatest Obligations raise a Horror in the honest Breast, that shocks human Nature; yet we may learn from it the Danger of listening to Temptation, since we know not how soon it may seduce us to what we most detested; and in the Renegado (who was a Professor of Christianity, turn'd Turk) appears the Truth of this Observation, that he who is false to his God, or can make his Religion subservient to his Interest, is not likely to be true to his Friend.

*A Dervise and the King of Tartary.*

A *Dervise* travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the Town of *Balk*, went into the King's Palace by a Mistake, as thinking it to be a publick Inn or Caravansary. Having looked about him for some Time, he entered into a long Gallery, where he had laid down his Waller, and spread his Carpet, in Order to repose himself upon it, after the Manner of the Eastern Nations. He had not been long in this Posture before he was discovered by some of the Guards, who asked him what was his Business in that Place? The *Dervise* told them he intended to take up his Night's Lodgings in that Caravansary. The Guards let him know, in a very angry Manner, that the House he was in, was not a Caravansary, but the King's Palace. It happened that the King himself passed thro' the Gallery during the Debate, and smiling at the Mistake of the *Dervise*, asked how he could possibly be so dull, as not to distinguish a Palace from a Caravansary? Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me Leave to ask your Majesty a Question or two. Who were the Persons that lodged in the House when it was first built? The King replied, *His Ancestors*: And who, says the *Dervise*, was the last Person that lodged here? The King replied, *His Father*. And who is it, says the  
C *Dervise*,



*Dervise*, that lodges here at present? The King said to him, *that it was himself*. And who, says the *Dervise*, will be here after you? The King answered, *The young Prince his Son*. 'Ah, Sir, said the *Dervise*, a House that changes its Inhabitants so oft'n, and receives such a perpetual Succession of Guests, is not a Palace, but a *Caravansary*.'

### THE APPLICATION.

What is this World but an Inn, where one Generation is continually passing off, and another succeeding? Surely this should teach us never to be excessively elated, or depress'd; since, as the Sacred Orator beautifully expresses it, the Fashion of this World passes away; and therefore it should be our principal Care, by a steady Course of Virtue, and a watchful Improvement of every Opportunity of doing Good, to secure to ourselves a happy and more lasting Habitation.

### *The Drop of Water, a Fable.*

**A**S Arrogance, and a Conceitedness of our own Abilities, are very shocking and offensive to Men of Sense and Virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble Mind, and by several of his Dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our own Schemes of Prudence have no Share in our Advancements.

This is beautifully illustrated in this little *Persian Fable*. A Drop of Water fell out of a Cloud into the Sea, and finding itself lost in such an Immensity of fluid Matter, broke out into the following Reflection: 'Alas! What an inconsiderate Creature am I in this prodigious Ocean of Waters; my Existence is of no Concern to the Universe: I am reduced to a Kind of Nothing, and am less than the least of the Works of God.' It so happened, that an Oyster, which lay in the Neighbourhood of this Drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up, in the Midst of its humble Soliloquy. The Drop, says the Fable, lay



lay a great while hardning in the Shell, 'till by Degrees it was ripened into a Pearl, which falling into the Hands of a Diver, after a long Series of Adventures, is at present that famous Pearl which is fixed on the Top of the *Persian* Diadem.

### The APPLICATION.

Let none, however mean or insignificant he may think himself, dare to give Way to the Thought, that he is neglected by his Creator. Every Station, as far as it is providential, is appointed with the most consummate Wisdom; and a *Lazarus*, tho' despised by this ill-judging World, if humble and faithful, in the Station assigned him, shall be found of infinite Value in the Day when the great Judge of the Earth shall make up his Jewels.

### *The two Westminster Scholars.*

**I**N *Westminster* School there is a Curtain, which used to be drawn a-cross the Room, to separate the Upper School from the Lower. A Youth happened, by some Mischance, to tear the above-mentioned Curtain. The Severity of the Master was too well-known for the Criminal to expect any Pardon for such a Fault; so that the Boy, who was of a meek Temper, was terrified to Death at the Thoughts of his Appearance; when his Friend, who sat next to him, bid him be of good Cheer, for that he would take the Fault on himself. He kept his Word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be Men, the Civil War broke out, in which our two Friends took the opposite Sides, one of them following the Parliament, the other the Royal Party.

As their Tempers were different, the Youth, who had torn the Curtain, endeavoured to raise himself on the Civil List; and the other, who had borne the Blame of it, on the Military: The first succeeded so well, that he was in a short Time made a Judge under the Protector. The other

was engaged in the unhappy Enterprize of *Penruddock* and *Groves* in the West. Every one knows that the Royal Party was routed, and all the Heads of them, among whom was the Curtain Champion, imprisoned at *Exeter*. It happened to be his Friend's Lot at that Time to go the Western Circuit. The Trial of the Rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass Sentence on them; when the Judge hearing the Name of his old Friend, and observing his Face more attentively, which he had not seen for many Years, asked him if he was not formerly a *Westminster* Scholar; by the Answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous Friend; and, without saying any Thing more at that Time, made the best of his Way to *London*, where, employing all his Power and Interest with the Protector, he saved his Friend from the Fate of his unhappy Associates.

The Gentleman, whose Life was thus preserved by the Gratitude of his Schoolfellow, was afterwards the Father of a Son whom he lived to see promoted in the Church, and deservedly fills one of the highest Stations in it.

#### THE APPLICATION.

There is scarce a Passion, if it may be so called, that gives a warmer Glow to the generous Heart, than Gratitude. It is indeed the Foundation of every Virtue to God and Man, but cannot dwell in little contracted Souls. — The grateful Mind will never forget an Obligation, but joyfully seeks an Opportunity of repaying it tenfold, and raises to itself a Fund of Satisfaction, no selfish Passion can ever give. We may observe too, from this Story, that kind and generous Actions often meet with a Return in Kind, when long forgot by the Doer; but if they should not, that Being, who discerns every Disposition and Motive of Action, will reward all according to their Works; nor should we overlook, in this little Tale, the ill Tendency of Severity to Youth for little Faults, which strikes with such Terror their tender Minds, and puts them upon the Arts of Evasion, to save themselves; thereby corrupting

from the SPECTATOR, &c. 29  
rupting their native Honesty and Simplicity, which ought,  
as a first Principal, to be carefully cultivated.

### *The Reduced* CITIZEN.

**A**N eminent Citizen, who had lived in good Fashion and Credit, was, by a Train of Accidents, and by an unavoidable Perplexity in his Affairs, reduced to a low Condition. There is a Modesty usually attending faultless Poverty, which made him rather chuse to reduce his Manner of Living to his present Circumstances, than solicit his Friends in order to support the Shew of an Estate, when the Substance was gone. His Wife, who was a Woman of Sense and Virtue, behaved herself on this Occasion with uncommon Decency, and never appeared so amiable in his Eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample Fortune she had brought, or the many great Offers she had refused for his Sake, she redoubled all the Instances of her Affection, while her Husband was continually pouring out his Heart to her in Complaints, that he had ruined the best Woman in the World. He sometimes came Home, at a Time when she did not the least expect him, and surpriz'd her in Tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an Air of Chearfulness to receive him. To lessen their Expence, their eldest Daughter (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was sent into the Country, to the House of an honest Farmer, who had married a Servant of the Family. This young Woman was apprehensive of the Ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a Friend in the Neighbourhood to give her an Account of what passed, from Time to Time, in her Father's Affairs. *Amanda* was in the Bloom of her Youth and Beauty, when the Lord of the Manor, who often called at the Farmer's House as he followed his Country Sports, fell passionately in Love with her. He was a Man of great Generosity, but, from a loose Education, had contracted a hearty Aversion to Marriage. He therefore entertained a Design upon *Amanda's* Virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent Creature, who never suspected his Intentions, was pleased with his Person; and



## 30 HISTORIES and FABLES

having observed his growing Passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a Match she might quickly be in a Capacity of supporting her impoverished Relations. One Day, as he called to see her, he found her in Tears, over a Letter she had just received from her Friend, which gave an Account that her Father had lately been stripped of every Thing by an Execution. The Lover, who with some Difficulty found out the Cause of her Grief, took this Occasion to make her a Proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* Confusion, when she found his Pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her Hopes, and had no Power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost Disturbance, locked herself up in her Chamber. He immediately dispatched a Messenger to her Father with the following Letter.

S I R,

**I** Have heard of your Misfortunes, and have offered your Daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred Pounds a Year, and to lay down the Sum for which you are distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you I do not intend Marriage: But if you are wise, you will use your Authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an Opportunity of saving you and your Family, and making herself happy.

*I am, &c.*

This Letter came to the Hands of *Amanda's* Mother; she open'd and read it with great Surprise and Concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the Messenger, but desiring him to call again the next Morning, she wrote to her Daughter as follows:

*Dearest Child,*

**Y**OUR Father and I have just now received a Letter from a Gentleman who pretends Love to you, with a Proposal that insults our Misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower Degree of Misery, than any Thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous Man think, that the tenderest of Parents would be tempted to



‘ to supply their Want, by giving up the best of Children  
 ‘ to Infamy and Ruin? It is a mean and cruel Artifice to  
 ‘ make this Proposal at a Time when he thinks our Ne-  
 ‘ cessities must compel us to any Thing; but we will not  
 ‘ eat the Bread of Shame; and therefore we charge thee  
 ‘ not to think of us, but to avoid the Snare which is laid  
 ‘ for thy Virtue. Beware of pitying us: It is not so bad  
 ‘ as you have, perhaps, been told. All Things will yet be  
 ‘ well, and I shall write my Child better News.

‘ I have been interrupted. I know not how I was  
 ‘ moved to say Things would mend. As I was going on,  
 ‘ I was startled by a Noise of one that knocked at the  
 ‘ Door, and hath brought us an unexpected Supply of a  
 ‘ Debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now tell  
 ‘ thee all. It is some Days I have lived almost without  
 ‘ Support, having convey’d what little Money I could  
 ‘ raise to your poor Father.---Thou wilt weep to think where  
 ‘ he is, yet be assured he will be soon at Liberty. That  
 ‘ cruel Letter would have broke his Heart, but I have  
 ‘ concealed it from him. I have no Companion at present  
 ‘ besides little *Fanny*, who stands watching my Looks as  
 ‘ I write, and is crying for her Sister: She says she is  
 ‘ sure you are not well, having discover’d that my present  
 ‘ Trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus  
 ‘ repeat my Sorrows, to grieve thee: No, it is to intreat  
 ‘ thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what  
 ‘ would be worse than all. Let us bear chearfully an  
 ‘ Affliction, which we have not brought on ourselves, and  
 ‘ remember there is a Power who can better deliver us  
 ‘ out of it, than by the Loss of thy Innocence. Heaven  
 ‘ preserve my dear Child.

*Thy Affectionate Mother.*’——

The Messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver  
 this Letter to *Amanda*, carried it first to his Master, who he  
 imagined would be glad to have an Opportunity of giving  
 it into her Hands himself. His Master was impatient to  
 know the Success of his Proposal, and therefore broke  
 open the Letter privately, to see the Contents. He was  
 not a little moved at so true a Picture of Virtue in Distress:

## 32 HISTORIES and FABLES

But at the same Time was infinitely surprized to find his Offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the Letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his Endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought her a Letter from her Mother. He would not part with it, but upon Condition that she should read it without leaving the Room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his Eyes on her Face with the deepest Attention: Her Concern gave a new Softness to her Beauty, and when she burst into Tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a Part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the Letter, and was resolved to make Reparation for having been the Occasion of it. My Reader will not be displeased to see the second Epistle, which he now wrote to *Amanda's* Mother.

M A D A M,

‘ I Am full of Shame, and will never forgive myself, if  
 ‘ I have not your Pardon for what I have lately wrote.  
 ‘ It was far from my Intention to add Trouble to the Afflicted;  
 ‘ nor could any Thing, but my being a Stranger  
 ‘ to you, have betray’d me into a Fault, for which, if  
 ‘ I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a Son.  
 ‘ You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your Daughter;  
 ‘ nor shall be, if any Thing can prevent it, which is in  
 ‘ the Power of,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant, —————

This Letter he sent by his Steward, and soon after went up to Town himself, to compleat the generous Act he had now resolved on. By his Friendship and Assistance *Amanda's* Father was quickly in a Condition of retrieving his perplexed Affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*,  
 and

from the SPECTATOR, Nov. 33.  
and enjoy'd the double Satisfaction of having restored a worthy Family to their former Prosperity, and of making himself happy by an Alliance to their Virtues.

### The APPLICATION.

What a lovely Picture is here of the Excellence of true Virtue rising above Distress, and, with a noble Disdain, rejecting all Offers of Relief that would taint its Purity! How far superior to the wealthy Libertine does the fair *Amanda*, and her heroick Mother, appear in their lowest Ebb of Fortune? Who, that has a Spark of Ingenuity, can read her moving Letter, without feeling the Force of those noble Principles that inspired it? Did the Man of Taste, as he is falsely called, but once experience the solid Pleasures of Virtue, he must, for his own Sake, embrace its Laws, and follow its happy Dictates.

### *The Magnanimity of Madam de Villacerfe.*

S I R,

IT is so many Years since you left your native Country, that I am to tell you Characters of your nearest Relations, as much as if you were an utter Stranger to them; The Occasion of this is to give you an Account of Madam *Villacerfe*, whose Departure out of this Life, I know not whether a Man of your Philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some Circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole Life happy in an uninterrupted Health, and was always honoured for an Evenness of Temper and Greatness of Mind. On the 10th Instant that Lady was taken with an Indisposition which confined her to her Chamber, but such as was too slight to make her take to a sick Bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any Satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known, that some Years ago Monsieur *Festieu*, one of the most considerable Surgeons in *Paris*, was desperately in Love with this Lady: Her Quality placed her above any Application to her on the Account of his Passion: but, as a Woman has always some Regard to the Person whom she believes



to be her real Admirer, she now took it in her Head (upon Advice of her Physicians, to lose some of her Blood) to send for Monsieur *Festeau* on that Occasion. I happened to be there at that Time, and my near Relation gave me the Privilege to be present. As soon as her Arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it, in order to raise the Vein, his Colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden Tremor; which made me take the Liberty to speak of it to my Cousin with some Apprehension: She smiled, and said, she knew Mr. *Festeau* had no Inclination to do her an Injury. He seemed to recover himself, and, smiling also, proceeded in his Work. Immediately after the Operation, he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all Men, for that he had opened an Artery instead of a Vein. It is as impossible to express the Artist's Distraction, as the Patient's Composure. I will not dwell on little Circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three Days Time it was thought necessary to take off her Arm. She was so far from using *Festeau*, as it would be natural to one of a lower Spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any Consultation about her present Condition; and, on every Occasion, asked whether he was satisfied in the Measures that were taken about her. Before this last Operation, she ordered her Will to be drawn, and, after having been about a Quarter of an Hour alone, she bid the Surgeons, of whom poor *Festeau* was one, go on in their Work. I know not how to give you the Terms of Art, but there appeared such Symptoms after the Amputation of her Arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty Hours. Her Behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole Affair, that I was particularly curious in taking Notice of what passed, as her Fate approached nearer and nearer, and took Notes of what she said to all about her, particularly, Word for Word, what she spoke to Mr. *Festeau*, which is as follows.

“ Sir, you give me inexpressible Sorrow for the Anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed, to all Intents and Purposes, from the Interests of human Life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one, by whose  
Error



Error I have lost my Life; no, you are my Benefactor, as you have hasten'd my Entrance into a happy Immortality. This is my Sense of this Accident; but the World, in which you live, may have Thoughts of it to your Disadvantage; I have, therefore, taken Care to provide for you in my Will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their Ill-Nature."

While this excellent Woman spoke these Words; *Festau* looked as if he received a Condemnation to die, instead of a Pension for his Life. *Madam de Villacerse* lived till Eight of the Clock the next Night; and tho' she must have laboured under the most exquisite Torments, she possessed her Mind with so wonderful a Patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe, than she died, at that Hour. You, who had not the Happiness to be personally known to this Lady, have Nothing but to rejoice in the Honour you had, of being related to so great Merit; but we, who have lost her Conversation, cannot so easily resign our own Happiness, by Reflection upon hers.

*I am, Sir, your affectionate Kinsman,  
and most obedient humble Servant,*

Paul Regnaud.

There hardly can be a greater Instance of an heroick Mind, than the unprejudiced Manner in which this Lady weighed this Misfortune. The Regard of Life itself could not make her overlook the Contrition of the unhappy Man, whose more than ordinary Concern for her was all his Guilt. It would certainly be of singular Use to human Society, to have an exact Account of this Lady's ordinary Conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon Magnanimity. Such Greatness was not to be acquired in her last Article, nor is it to be doubted, but it was a constant Practice of all that is Praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding Death, not as the Dissolution, but Consummation, of her Life.

#### THE APPLICATION.

How different the Judgment and Conduct of truly great Minds, from those actuated by mean, selfish Passions! Humble, pure, disinterested Affection, demands gentle and generous

generous Treatment, whatever are its Errors, or however the Circumstances of the Person beloved may forbid its desired Returns.

## BASILIUS and ALEXANDRINUS.

**B**ASILIUS *Valentinus* was a Person who had arrived at the utmost Perfection in the Hermetick Art, and initiated his Son *Alexandrinus* in the same Mysteries: But as you know they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaste, and pure of Heart, *Basilus* did not open to him, because of his Youth, and the Deviations too natural to it, the greatest Secrets of which he was Master, as well knowing that the Operation would fail in the Hands of a Man so liable to Errors in Life as *Alexandrinus*. But believing, from a certain Indisposition of Mind as well as Body, his Dissolution was drawing nigh, he called *Alexandrinus* to him, and as he lay on a Couch, over-against which his Son was seated, and prepared by sending out Servants one after another, and Admonition to examine that none heard them, he revealed the most important of his Secrets with the Solemnity and Language of an Adept. "My Son, said he, many have been the Watchings, long the Lucubrations, constant the Labours of thy Father, not only to gain a great and plentiful Estate to his Posterity, but also to take Care that he should have no Posterity. Be not amazed, my Child; I do not mean that thou shalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and consequently cannot be said to have Posterity. Behold, my dearest *Alexandrinus*, the Effect of what was propagated in nine Months: We are not to contradict Nature, but to follow and help her. Just as long as an Infant is in the Womb of its Parent, so long are these Medicines of Revivification in preparing. Observe this small Phial and this little Gallipot; in this an Unguent, in the other a Liquor. In these, my Child, are collected such Powers, as shall revive the Springs of Life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new Strength, new Spirits, and, in a Word, wholly restore all the Organs and Senses of the human Body to as great  
a Du-

a Duration, as it had before enjoyed from its Birth to the Day of its Application of these my Medicines. But, my beloved Son, Care must be taken to apply them within ten Hours after the Breath is out of the Body, while yet the Clay is warm with its late Life, and yet capable of Resuscitation. I find my Frame grown crasy with perpetual Toil and Meditation; and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this Unguent; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my Lips this inestimable Liquor, else the Force of the Ointment will be ineffectual. By this Means you will give me Life, as I have you, and we will, from that Hour, mutually lay aside the Authority of having bestowed Life on each other, but live as Brethren, and prepare new Medicines against such another Period of Time, as will demand another Application of the same Restoratives." In a few Days after these wonderful Ingredients were delivered to *Alexandrinus*, *Bafilus* departed this Life. But such was the pious Sorrow of the Son at the Loss of so excellent a Father, and the first Transports of Grief had so wholly disabled him from all Manner of Business, that he never thought of the Medicines till the Time to which his Father had limited their Efficacy, was expired.

To tell the Truth, *Alexandrinus* was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, and considered his Father had lived out his natural Time; his Life was long and uniform, suitable to the Regularity of it; but that himself, poor Sinner, wanted a new Life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and in the Examination of his Heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural Being of his, but repent very faithfully, and spend very piously, the Life to which he should be restored by Application of these Rarities, when the Time should come, to his own Person.

It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes that Self-love of Men, who would do immoderately for their own Offspring, with Children very much below their Characters and Qualifications, insomuch that they only transmit their Names to be born by those who give daily Proofs of the Vanity of the Labour and Ambition of their Progenitors.



## 38 HISTORIES and FABLES

It happened thus in the Family of *Basilus*; for *Alexandrinus* began to enjoy his ample Fortune in all the Extremities of Household Expence, Furniture, and insolent Equipage; and this he pursued till the Day of his own Departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As *Basilus* was punished with a Son very unlike him, *Alexandrinus* was visited with one of his own Disposition. It is natural that ill Men should be suspicious, and *Alexandrinus*, besides that Jealousy, had Proofs of the vitious Disposition of his Son *Renatus*, for that was his Name.

*Alexandrinus*, as I observed, having very good Reasons for thinking it unsafe, to trust the real Secret of his Phial and Gallipot to any Man living, projected to make sure Work, and hoped for his Success from the Avarice, not the Bounty, of the Benefactor.

With this Thought he called *Renatus* to his Bed-side, and bespoke him, in the most pathetic Gesture and Accent. "As much, my Son, as you have been addicted to Vanity and Pleasure, as I also have been before you, you nor I could not escape the Fame or the good Effects of the profound Knowledge of our Progenitor, the renowned *Basilus*. His Symbol is very well known in the Philosophick World, and I shall never forget the venerable Air of his Countenance, when he let me into the profound Mysteries of the *Smaragdine Table of Hermes*. It is true, said he, and far removed from all Colour of Deceit. That which is inferior is like that which is superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the Miracles of a certain Work. The Father is the Sun, the Mother the Moon, the Wind is the Womb, the Earth is the Nurse of it, and Mother of all Perfection. All this must be received with Modesty and Wisdom." The chymical People carry, in all their Jargon, a whimsical Sort of Piety, which is ordinary with great Lovers of Money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their Regularity and Strictness of Manners for the Ends of this World, has some Affinity to the Innocence of Heart which must recommend them to the next. *Renatus* wondered to hear his Father talk so like an Adept, and with such a Mixture of Piety, while *Alexandrinus*, observing his Attention fixed, proceeded: "This Phial, Child, and this little



little Earthen Pot, will add to thy Estate so much, as to make thee the richest Man in the *German* Empire. I am going to my long Home, but shall not return to common Dust." Then he resumed a Countenance of Alacrity, and told him, That if, within an Hour after his Death, he anointed his whole Body, and poured down his Throat that Liquor which he had from old *Basilus*, the Corpse would be converted into pure Gold. I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned Tenderneſſes that passed between these two extraordinary Persons; but if the Father recommended the Care of his Remains with Vehemence and Affection, the Son was not behind, in professing that he would not cut the least Bit off him, but upon the utmost Extremity, or to provide for his younger Brothers and Sisters.

Well, *Alexandrinus* died, and the Heir of his Body (as our Term is) could not forbear, in the Wantonness of his Heart, to measure the Length and Breadth of his beloved Father, and cast up the ensuing Value of him, before he proceed to Operation. When he knew the immense Reward of his Pains, he began the Work: But, lo! when he had anointed the Corpse all over, and began to apply the Liquor, the Body stirred, and *Renatus*, in a Fright, broke the Phial.

#### THE APPLICATION.

This Fable is well calculated, to expose the ridiculous Chimera of the pretended Hermetick Art, the Folly of an eager Desire to stretch Life beyond its usual Date, and the impious Lengths, to which a fordid, avaricious Temper will lead; and also instructs us, that as we treat others, we may, one Time or other, expect to be treated.

#### *The Commonwealth of the Amazons.*

AS the mutual Regard between the two Sexes tends to the Improvement of each of them, we may observe that Men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal Natures, who live as if there were no such Things as Women in the World; as on the contrary, Women, who have an Indifference or Aversion for their Counterparts in human Nature,

Nature, are generally slower and unamiable, fluttish and censorious

I am led into this Train of Thoughts by a little Manuscript, which contains a summary Account of two different States which bordered upon one another. The one was a Commonwealth of *Amazons*, or Women without Men; the other was a Republick of Males, that had not a Woman in their whole Community. As these two States bordered one upon another, it was their Way, it seems, to meet upon their Frontiers at a certain Season of the Year, where those among the Men, who had not made their Choice in any former Meeting, associated themselves with particular Women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their Wives in every one of these yearly Rencontres. The Children that sprung from this Alliance, if Males, were sent to their respective Fathers; if Females, continued with their Mothers. By Means of this Anniversary Carnival, which lasted about a Week, the Commonwealths were recruited from Time to Time, and supplied with respective Subjects.

These two States were engaged together in a perpetual League, offensive and defensive, so that if any foreign Potentate offered to attack either of them, both the Sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to Reason. It was remarkable, that for many Ages this Agreement continued inviolable between the two States, notwithstanding, as was said before, they were Husbands and Wives. But this will not appear so wonderful, if we consider that they did not live together above a Week in a Year.

In the Account which my Author gives of the Male Republick, there were several Customs very remarkable. The Men never shaved their Beards, or pared their Nails, above once in a Twelvemonth, which was probably about the Time of the great annual Meeting upon their Frontiers. I find the Name of a Minister of State, in one Part of their History, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean Linnen; and of a certain General, who was turned out of his Post for Effeminacy; it having been proved upon him, by several creditable Witnesses, that he washed his Face every Morning. If any Member of the  
Common-

Commonwealth had a soft Voice, a smooth Face, or a simple Behaviour, he was banished into the Commonwealth of Females, where he was treated as a Slave, dressed in Petticoats, and set to Spinning. They had no Titles of Honour among them, but such as denoted some bodily Strength or Perfection; as such an one *the Tall*, such an one *the Stocky*, such an one *the Gruff*. Their publick Debates were generally managed with Kicks and Cuffs, in-  
somuch that they often came from the Council Table with broken Shins, black Eyes and bloody Noses. When they would reproach a Man in the most bitter Terms, they would tell him his Teeth were white, or that he had a fair Skin, and a soft Hand. The greatest Man I meet with in their History, was one who could lift five hundred Weight, and wore such a prodigious Pair of Whiskers as had never been seen in the Commonwealth before his Time. These Accomplishments, it seems, had rendered him so popular, that if he had not died very seasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the Republick. Having made this short Extract out of the History of the Male Commonwealth, I shall now mention several Particulars relating to the Republick of Women.

The Girls of Quality, from six to twelve Years old, were put to publick Schools, where they learned to box and play at Cudgels, with several other Accomplishments of the same Nature; so that nothing was more usual, than to see a little Miss returning Home at Night with a broken Pate, or two or three Teeth knocked out of her Head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great Horse, to shoot, dart, or sling, and litted into several Companies, in order to perfect themselves in military Exercises. No Woman was to be married till she had killed her Man. The Ladies of Fashion used to play with young Lions instead of Lap-Dogs; and when they made any Party of Diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at Ombre or Piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the Bar for a whole Afternoon together. There was never any such Thing as a Blush seen, or Sigh heard, in the Commonwealth. The Women never dressed, but to look terrible; to which End they would sometimes, after a Battle, paint their Cheeks with the  
Blood



Blood of their Enemies. For this Reason, likewise, the Face which had the most Scars was looked upon as the most beautiful. If they found Lace, Jewels, Ribbons, or any Ornaments in Silver or Gold, among the Booty which they had taken, they used to dress their Horses with it, but never entertained a Thought of wearing it themselves. There were particular Rights and Privileges allowed to any Member of the Commonwealth who was a Mother of three Daughters. The Senate was made up of old Women; for, by the Laws of the Country, none was to be made a Counsellor of State that was not past Child-bearing. They used to boast their Republick had continued four thousand Years, which is altogether improbable, unless we may suppose, what I am very apt to think, that they measured their Time by *Lunar Years*.

There was a great Revolution brought about in this Female Republick by Means of a neighbouring King, who had made War upon them several Years with various Success, and at length overthrew them in a very great Battle. This Defeat they ascribe to several Causes; some say that the Secretary of State having been troubled with the Vapours, had committed some fatal Mistakes in several Dispatches about that Time. Others pretend that the first Minister, being big with Child, could not attend the Publick Affairs, as so great an Exigency of State required; but this I can give no Manner of Credit to, since it seems to contradict a fundamental Maxim in their Government, which I have before mentioned. My Author gives the most probable Reason of this great Disaster; for he affirms, that the General was brought to Bed, or (as others say) miscarried the very Night before the Battle: However it was, this signal Overthrow obliged them to call in the Male Republick to their Assistance; but, notwithstanding their common Efforts to repulse the victorious Enemy, the War continued for many Years, before they could entirely bring it to a happy Conclusion.

The Campaigns which both Sexes passed together, made them so well acquainted with one another, that at the End of the War they did not care for parting. In the Beginning  
of



of it they lodged in separate Camps, but afterwards, as they grew more familiar, they pitched their Tents promiscuously.

From this Time the Armies, being chequered with both Sexes, they polished apace. The Men used to invite their Fellow Soldiers into their Quarters, and would dress their Tents, with Flowers and Boughs, for their Reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her Name in the Table, or chalking out her Figure upon a Wall, or talking of her in a Kind of rapturous Language, which, by Degrees, improved into Verse and Sonnet. These were as the first Rudiments of Architecture, Painting and Poetry, among this savage People. After any Advantage over the Enemy, both Sexes used to jump together, and make a Clattering with their Swords and Shields, for Joy; which, in a few Years, produced several regular Tunes and set Dances.

As the two Armies romped on these Occasions, the Women complained of the thick bushy Beards and long Nails of their Confederates, who thereupon took Care to prune themselves into such Figures as were most pleasing to their female Friends and Allies.

When they had taken any Spoils from the Enemy, the Men would make a Present of every Thing that was rich and showy to the Women whom they most admired; and would frequently dress the Necks, or Heads, or Arms of their Mistresses, with any Thing which they thought appeared gay or pretty. The Women, observing that the Men took Delight in looking upon them, when they were adorned with such Trappings and Gewgaws, set their Heads at Work to find out new Inventions, and to outshine one another in all Councils of War, or the like solemn Meetings. On the other Hand, the Men, observing how the Womens Hearts were set upon Finery, began to embellish themselves, and look as agreeable as they could in the Eyes of their Associates. In short, after a few Years conversing together, the Women had learnt to smile, and the Men to ogle; the Women grew soft, and the Men lively.

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When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon the finishing of the War, which concluded with an entire Conquest over their common Enemy, the Colonels in one Army married the Colonels in the other; the Captains, in the same Manner, took the Captains to their Wives: The whole Body of common Soldiers were matched after the Example of their Leaders. By this Means the two Republicks incorporated with one another, and became the most flourishing and polite Government in that Part of the World which they inhabited.

### THE APPLICATION.

The Burlesque in this little History is strong upon those fantastick Tempers, who pretend to quarrel with the Appointments of infinite Wisdom, and are for reforming the original Constitution of Things. Mutual Dependance of Sex, as well as Station, is necessary to preserve the Beauty and Order, as well as the Being of Society.

### A GYPSY becomes an Ambassador.

AS the *Trekschuyt*, or Hackney-Boat, which carries Passengers from *Leyden* to *Amsterdam*, was putting off, a Boy, running along the Side of the Canal, desired to be taken in; which the Master of the Boat refused, because the Lad had not quite Money enough to pay the usual Fare. An eminent Merchant, being pleased with the Looks of the Boy, and secretly touched with Compassion towards him, paid the Money for him, and ordered him to be taken on Board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four Languages, and learned, upon further Examination, that he had been stole away when he was a Child by a Gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a Gang of these Strollers up and down several Parts of *Europe*. It happened that the Merchant, whose Heart seems to have inclined towards the Boy, by a secret Kind of Instinct, had himself lost a Child some Years before. The Parents, after a long Search for him, gave him up for drowned in one of the Canoes with which that Country abounds; and the

the Mother was so afflicted at the Loss of a fine Boy, who was her only Son, that she died for Grief of it. Upon laying together all Particulars, and examining the several Moles and Marks, by which the Mother used to describe the Child when he was first missing, the Boy proved to be the Son of the Merchant, whose Heart had so unaccountably melted at the Sight of him. The Lad was very well pleased to find a Father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good Estate; the Father, on the other Hand, was not a little delighted to see a Son return to him, whom he had given over for lost, with such a Strength of Constitution, Sharpness of Understanding, and Skill in Languages. Our Linguist, having received such extraordinary Rudiments towards a good Education, was afterwards trained up in every Thing that becomes a Gentleman; wearing off, by little and little, all the vicious Habits and Practices that he had been used to in the Course of his Peregrinations: Nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign Courts upon national Business, with great Reputation to himself, and Honour to those who sent him; and that he has visited several Countries as a publick Minister, in which he formerly wandered as a Gypsy.

#### THE APPLICATION.

A compassionate Action is always its own Reward in the Pleasure it gives; and sometimes meets with extraordinary Returns; which should teach us never to miss an Opportunity of exercising Benevolence according to our Power. In the Course of Providence, Occurrences, seemingly disadvantageous to us, often prove in the Issue greatly beneficial.

#### CHREMYLUS and PLUTUS, *an Allegory.*

**C**HREMYLUS, who was an old and a good Man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some Riches to his Son, consults the Oracle of *Apollo* upon the Subject. The Oracle bids them follow the first Man he should see upon his going out of his Temple. The Person



## 46 HISTORIES and FABLES

son he chanced to see was, to Appearance, an old, sordid blind Man, but upon his following him from Place to Place, he at last found, by his own Confession, that he was *Plutus*, the God of Riches, and that he was just come out of the House of a Miser. *Plutus* further told him, that when he was a Boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to Age he would distribute Wealth to none but virtuous and just Men; upon which *Jupiter*, considering the pernicious Consequences of such a Resolution, took his Sight away from him, and left him to strol about the World in the blind Condition wherein *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed upon him to go to his House, where he met an old Woman in tattered Raiment, who had been his Guest for many Years, and whose Name was *Poverty*. The old Woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her, not only from his own House, but out of all *Greece*, if she made any more Words upon the Matter. *Poverty*, on this Occasion, pleads her Cause very notably, and represents to her old Landlord, that should she be driven out of the Country, all their Trades, Arts, and Sciences, would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those Poms, Ornaments, and Conveniencies of Life, which made Riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several Advantages which she bestowed upon her Votaries, in Regard to their Shape, their Health, and their Activity, by preserving them from Gouts, Dropsies, Unweildiness, and Intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. *Chremylus* immediately considered how he might restore *Plutus* to his Sight; and, in Order to it, conveyed him to the Temple of *Esculapius*, who was famous for Cures and Miracles of this Nature. By this Means the Deity recovered his Eyes, and began to make a right Use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by Piety towards the Gods, and Justice towards Men; and, at the same Time, by taking away his Gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry Incidents, till, in the last Act, *Mercury* descends with great Complaints from the Gods, that since the good Men were

were grown rich they had received no Sacrifices, which is confirmed by a Priest of *Jupiter*, who enters with a Remonstrance, that since his late Innovation he was reduced to a starving Condition, and could not live upon his Office. *Chremylus*, who in the Beginning of the Allegory was religious in his Poverty, concludes it with a Proposal, which was relished by all the good Men, who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry *Plutus* in a solemn Procession to the Temple, and install him in the Place of *Jupiter*. This Allegory instructed the *Athenians* in two Points; first, as it vindicated the Conduct of Providence in its ordinary Distributions of Wealth; and in the next Place, as it shewed the great Tendency of Riches to corrupt the Morals of those who possessed them.

### THE APPLICATION.

Besides the beautiful Remarks from the Spectator at the Close of this Allegory, it plainly shews, that we know not ourselves, nor how we should behave in different Stations; which should make each of us satisfied with that, as best, which a wise Providence has assigned us.

### BITON and CLITOBUS.

THE Story of *Biton* and *Clitobus*, which was in great Reputation among the Heathens (for we see it quoted by all the ancient Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, who have written upon the Immortality of the Soul) may teach us not to interpret the Calamities of Afflictions, which befall our Neighbours, as Punishments and Judgments. These two Brothers, being the Sons of a Lady who was a Priestess to *Juno*, drew their Mother's Chariot to the Temple at the Time of a great Solemnity, the Persons being absent, who by their Office were to have drawn her Chariot on that Occasion.

The Mother was so transported with this Instance of filial Duty, that she petitioned her Goddess to bestow upon them the greatest Gift that could be given to Men; upon which they were both cast into a deep Sleep, and the next Morning found dead in the Temple. This was such an Event, as would have been construed into a Judgment, had

## 48 HISTORIES and FABLES

had it happened to the two Brothers after an Act of Disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient Historian, who had given us an Account of it.

### The APPLICATION.

If the Heathens thus highly valued the Rewards of Virtue in a future World, and thought them the choicest Gifts of their Gods, does not this shame very many who call themselves Christians, but act as if they esteemed Wealth, Honour, Power, or some brutal Gratifications, as the greatest Happiness of their Nature?

### RHYNSAULT, *the unjust Governor.*

**W**HEN *Charles Duke of Burgundy*, surnamed *The Bold*, reigned over spacious Dominions, now swallowed up by the Power of *France*, he heaped many Favours and Honours upon *Claudius Rhynsault*, a *German*, who served him in his Wars against the Insults of his Neighbours. A great Part of *Zealand* was, at that Time, in Subjection to that Dukedom. The Prince himself was a Person of singular Humanity and Justice. *Rhynsault*, with no other real Quality than Courage, had Dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspicious Master for a Person of blunt Honesty and Fidelity, without any Vice that could bias him from the Execution of Justice. His Highness, prepossessed to his Advantage, upon the Decease of the Governor of his chief Town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynsault* that Command. He was not long seated in that Government, before he cast his Eyes upon *Sapphira*, a Woman of exquisite Beauty, the Wife of *Paul Danvelt*, a wealthy Merchant of the City, under his Protection and Government. *Rhynsault* was a Man of warm Constitution, and a violent Inclination to Women, and not unskill'd in the soft Arts which win their Favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the Satisfaction which are reaped from the Possession of Beauty, but was an utter Stranger to the Decencies, Honours and Delicacies, that attend the Passion towards them in elegant Minds. However, he had so much  
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of the World, that he had a great Share of the Language which usually prevails upon the weaker Part of that Sex, and he could with his Tongue utter a Passion with which his Heart was wholly untouch'd. He was one of those brutal Minds which can be gratified with the Violation of Innocence and Beauty, without the least Pity, Passion, or Love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inseparable to a lustful Man; and the Possession of a Woman by him who has no Thought but allaying a Passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by Distaste and Aversion. *Rhynsault* being resolved to accomplish his Will on the Wife of *Danvelt*, lest no Arts untried to get into a Familiarity at her House, but she knew his Character and Disposition too well not to shun all Occasions that might ensnare her into his Conversation. The Governor, despairing of Success by ordinary Means, apprehended and imprisoned her Husband, under Pretence of an Information that he was guilty of a Correspondence with the Enemies of the Duke, to betray the Town into their Possession. This Design had its desired Effect, and the Wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the Day before that which was appointed for his Execution, presented herself in the Hall of the Governor's House, and, as he passed through the Apartment, threw herself at his Feet, and holding his Knees, beseeched his Mercy. *Rhynsault* beheld her with a dissembled Satisfaction, and assuming an Air of Thought and Authority, he bid her arise, and told her, she must follow him to his Closet; and asking her whether she knew the Hand of the Letter he pulled out of his Pocket, went from her, leaving this Admonition aloud, *If you will save your Husband, you must give me an Account of all you know without Prevarication; for every Body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the Names of the rest of the Conspirators, or any other Particulars whatsoever.* He went to his Closet, and soon after the Lady was sent for to an Audience. The Servant knew his Distance when Matters of State were to be debated; and the Governor, laying aside the Air with which he had appeared in Publick, began to be the Suppliant, to rally an Affliction, which it was in her Power easily to remove, and

## 50 HISTORIES and FABLES

relieve an innocent Man from his Imprisonment. She easily perceived his Intention, and, bathed in Tears, began to deprecate so wicked a Design. Lust, like Ambition, takes all the Faculties of the Mind and Body into its Service and Subjection. Her becoming Tears, her honest Anguish, the wringing of her Hands, and the many Changes of her Posture and Figure in the Vehemence of speaking, were but so many Attitudes in which she beheld her Beauty, and further Incentives of his Desire. All Humanity was lost in that one Appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain Terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the Price of her Husband's Life, and she must, before the following Noon, pronounce the Death or Enlargement of *Danvelt*. After this Notification, when he saw *Sapphira* again enough distracted, to make the Subject of their Discourse to common Eyes appear different from what it was, he called Servants to conduct her to the Gate. Loaded with insupportable Affliction, she immediately repairs to her Husband, and having signified to his Goalers, that she had a Proposal to make to her Husband from the Governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and represented the endless Conflict she was in, between Love to his Person, and Fidelity to his Bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp Affliction this honest Pair was in upon such an Incident, in Lives not used to any but ordinary Occurrences. The Man was bridled by Shame from speaking what his Fear prompted, upon so near an Approach of Death; but let fall Words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, tho' she had not yet confessed to him that the Governor had violated her Person, since he knew her Will had no Part in the Action. She parted from him with this oblique Permission to save a Life, he had not Resolution enough to resign for the Safety of his Honour.

The next Morning the anhappy *Sapphira* attended the Governor, and being led into a remote Apartment, submitted to his Desires. *Rhynsault* commended her Charms, claim'd a Familiarity after what had passed between them, and, with an Air of Gaiety, in the Language of a Gallant, bid her return and take her Husband out of Prison: But,

continued

continued he, my fair-one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an Interruption to our future Assignations: These last Words foreboded what she found when she came to the Goal, her Husband executed by the Order of *Rhynsault*.

It was remarkable that the Woman, who was full of Tears and Lamentations during the whole Course of her Affliction, uttered neither Sigh nor Complaint, but stood fixed with Grief, at this Consummation of her Misfortunes. She betook herself to her Abode, and after having in Solitude paid her Devotions to him, who is the Avenger of Innocence, she repaired privately to Court; her Person, and a certain Grandeur of Sorrow negligent of Forms, gained her Passage into the Presence of the Duke her Sovereign. As soon as she came into the Presence, she broke forth into the following Words: 'Behold, O mighty *Charles*, a ' Wretch weary of Life, though it has been always spent ' with Innocence and Virtue. It is not in your Power to ' redress my Injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if ' the Protection of the Distressed, and the Punishment of ' Oppressors, is a Task worthy a Prince, I bring the ' Duke of *Burgundy* ample Matter for doing Honour to his ' own great Name, and wiping Infamy off mine.'

When she had spoke this, she delivered the Duke a Paper reciting her Story. He read it with all the Emotions that Indignation and Pity could raise in a Prince, jealous of his Honour in the Behaviour of his Officers, and Prosperity of his Subjects.

Upon an appointed Day *Rhynsault* was sent for to Court, and, in the Presence of a few of the Council, confronted by *Sapphira*: The Prince asking, *Do you know that Lady? Rhynsault*, as soon as he could recover his Surprise, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highness would please to think that a Reparation. The Duke seemed contented with his Answer, and stood by during the immediate Solemnization of the Ceremony. At the Conclusion of it he told *Rhynsault*, *Thus far have you done, as constrained by my Authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind Usage to her, without you sign a Gift of your whole Estate to her after your Decease.* To the Performance of this also the Duke was a Witness.



## 52 HISTORIES and FABLES

When these two Acts were executed, the Duke turned to the Lady, and told her, "It now remains for me to put you in quiet Possession of what your Husband has so bountifully bestow'd on you;" and ordered the immediate Execution of *Rhynsaunt*.

### The APPLICATION.

Behold, in the just Fate of the cruel and perfidious *Rhynsaunt*, what a horrid Train of Crimes are the Consequence, when any vicious Passion or Appetite is suffer'd to get the Dominion over us. It renders the Man a most hateful Monster, fit only to be an Outcast from Mankind. Can any sensual Enjoyment compensate for the Loss of Innocence? Does not our deserting Virtue, especially when she is most vigorously attacked, betray a Weakness and Littleness of Soul? And does not the Shame and Disappointment we are sure to meet with by so doing, add an inexpressible Load of Misery? We should, likewise, from the just Resentment of *Sapphira*, probably one of tender and delicate Sentiments, learn the great Danger of complying with criminal Inclinations, however strongly they may solicit us, when the Methods of doing so are injurious to others.

### SULTAN MAHMOUD *and his Visier, a Turkish Tale.*

**T**HE Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual Wars Abroad, and by his Tyranny at Home, had filled his Dominions with Ruin and Desolation, and half unpeopled the *Persian* Empire. The Visier to this great Sultan (whether an Humourist or an Enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the Language of Birds, so that there was not a Bird that could open his Mouth, but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one Evening with the Emperor, in their Return from hunting, they saw a Couple of Owls upon a Tree that grew near an old Wall out of an Heap of Rubbish. *I would fain know*, says the Sultan, *what these two Owls are saying to one another; listen to their Discourse, and give*

*give me an Account of it.* The Visier approached the Tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his Return to the Sultan, Sir, says he, *I have heard Part of their Conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an Answer, but forced him to repeat Word for Word every Thing the Owls had said. *You must know then,* said the Visier, *that one of those Owls has a Son, and the other a Daughter, between whom they are now upon a Treaty of Marriage. The Father of the Son said to the Father of the Daughter, in my Hearing, Brother, I consent to this Marriage, provided you will settle upon your Daughter fifty ruined Villages for her Portion. To which the Father of the Daughter replied, instead of fifty I will give her five Hundred, if you please. God grant a long Life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined Villages.*

The Story says, the Sulan was so touched with the Fable, that he rebuilt the Towns and Villages which had been destroyed, and from that Time forward consulted the Good of his People.

### THE APPLICATION.

Those Reproofs bid fairest to do good that are given in the least offensive Manner, where, by some distant Hint, we make the Persons, as it were, their own Accusers.

*A Letter writ in King CHARLES II's. Reign,  
by the Ambassador of Bantam.*

*Master,*

‘ **T**HE People, where I now am, have Tongues further from their Hearts than from *London to Bantam*, and thou knowest the Inhabitants of one of these Places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy Subjects Barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized People, because they speak one thing and mean another: Truth they call Barbarity, and Falshood Politeness. Upon my

## 54 HISTORIES and FABLES

first landing, one who was sent from the King of this Place to meet me, told me, *That he was extremely sorry for the Storm I had met with just before my Arrival.* I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my Account; but in less than a Quarter of an Hour he smiled, and was as merry, as if nothing had happened. Another, who came with him, told me by my Interpreter, *He should be glad to do me any Service that lay in his Power.* Upon which I desired him to carry one of my Portmantaus for me; but, instead of serving me according to his Promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first Week, at the House of one, who desired me to *think myself at Home, and to consider his House as my own.* Accordingly, I the next Morning began to knock down one of the Walls of it, in order to let in the fresh Air, and had packed up some of the Household-Goods, of which I intended to have made thee a Present: But the false Varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent Word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such Doings in his House. I had not been long in this Nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain Favour from the Chief of the King's Servants, whom they here call the Lord Treasurer, that I had *eternally obliged him.* I was so surprized at his Gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, What Service is there, which one Man can do for another, that can oblige him to all Eternity! However, I only asked him for my Reward, that he would lend me his eldest Daughter during my Stay in this Country; but I quickly found, that he was as treacherous as the Rest of his Countrymen.

At my first going to Court, one of the great Men almost put me out of Countenance, by asking *ten thousand Pardons* of me for only treading by Accident on my Toe. They call this Kind of a Lye a Compliment; for when they are civil to a great Man they tell him Untruths, for which thou wouldest order any of thy Officers of State to receive an hundred Blows upon his Foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any Thing with this People, since there is little Credit to be given to them.

When



‘ When I go to see the King’s Scribe, I am generally  
 ‘ told that he is not at Home, tho’ perhaps I saw him go  
 ‘ into his House almost the very Moment before. Thou  
 ‘ wouldest fancy that the whole Nation are Physicians,  
 ‘ for the first Question they always ask me, is, *How I do* :  
 ‘ I have this Question put to me above a hundred Times  
 ‘ a Day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after  
 ‘ my Health, but wish it in a more solemn Manner, with  
 ‘ a full Glass in their Hands, every Time I sit with them  
 ‘ at Table, tho’ at the same Time they would persuade me  
 ‘ to drink their Liquors in such Quantities, as I have  
 ‘ found by Experience will make me sick. They often  
 ‘ pretend to pray for thy Health also in the same Man-  
 ‘ ner; but I have more Reason to expect it from the  
 ‘ Goodness of thy Constitution, than the Sincerity of their  
 ‘ Wishes. May thy Slave escape in safety from this  
 ‘ double-tongu’d Race of Men, and live to lay himself  
 ‘ once more at thy Feet, in the royal City of *Bantam*.’

#### THE APPLICATION.

All Redundance of complimentary Professions is no Part  
 of true Politeness, nor, indeed, often reconcileable with  
 common Honesty; for where, upon slight Grounds, we  
 meet with great Protestations of Friendship, we have Rea-  
 son to expect little Performance.

#### *The Persian Glass-Man, a Fable.*

**A**LNASCHAR was a very idle Fellow, that never  
 would set his Hand to any Business during his Fa-  
 ther’s Life. When his Father died, he left him to the  
 Value of a hundred Drachms of *Persian* Money. *Alnas-*  
*char*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in Glasses,  
 Bottles, and the finest Farthen Ware. These he piled up  
 in a large open Basket, and having made Choice of a very  
 little Shop, placed the Basket at his Feet, and leaned his  
 Back upon the Wall, in Expectation of Customers. As  
 he sat in this Posture, with his Eyes upon the Basket, he  
 fell into a most amusing Train of Thought, and was  
 over-heard by one of his Neighbours, as he talked to him-

## 56 HISTORIES and FABLES

self in the following Manner : ' This Basket, says he,  
 ' cost me at the Wholesale Merchant's an hundred Drach-  
 ' mas, which is all I have in the World. I shall quick-  
 ' ly make two hundred of it, by selling it in Retail.  
 ' These two hundred Drachmas will in a very little while  
 ' rise to four Hundred, which of Course will amount in  
 ' Time to four Thousand. Four thousand Drachmas  
 ' cannot fail of making eight Thousand. As soon as by  
 ' this Means I am Master of ten Thousand, I will lay  
 ' aside my Trade of Glass-man, and turn Jeweller. I  
 ' shall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all Sorts of  
 ' rich Stones. When I have got together as much Wealth  
 ' as I can well desire, I will make a Purchase of the finest  
 ' House I can find, with Lands, Slaves, Eunuchs, and  
 ' Horses. I shall then beg'n to enjoy myself, and make  
 ' a Noise in the World. I will not, however, stop there,  
 ' but still continue my Traffick till I have got together an  
 ' hundred thousand Drachmas. When I have thus made  
 ' myself Master of an hundred thousand Drachmas, I  
 ' shall naturally set myself on the Foot of a Prince, and  
 ' will demand the Grand Visier's Daughter in Marriage,  
 ' after having represented to that Minister the Informati-  
 ' on which I have received of the Beauty, Wit, Discreti-  
 ' on, and other high Qualities which his Daughter pos-  
 ' sesses. I will let him know, at the same Time, that it  
 ' is my Intention to make him a Present of a thousand  
 ' Pieces of Gold on our Marriage Night. As soon as I  
 ' have married the Grand Visier's Daughter, I'll buy her  
 ' ten black Eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be  
 ' got for Money. I must afterwards make my Father-in-  
 ' Law a Visit with a great Train and Equipage. And  
 ' when I am placed at his Right-hand, which he will do  
 ' of Course, if it be only to honour his Daughter, I will  
 ' give him the thousand Pieces of Gold which I promised  
 ' him, and afterwards, to his great Surprise, will present  
 ' him with another Purse of the same Value, with some  
 ' short Speech ; as, Sir, you see I am a Man of my Word.  
 ' I always give more than I promise.'

' When I have brought the Princess to my House, I shall  
 ' take particul Care to breed in her a due Respect for me,  
 ' before

\* before I give the Reins to Love and Dalliance. To this  
 \* End I shall confine her to her own Appartment. make  
 \* her a short Visit, and talk but little to her. Her Women  
 \* will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by Reason  
 \* of my Unkindness, and beg me with Tears to care for her,  
 \* and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inex-  
 \* orable, and will turn my Back upon her all the first  
 \* Night. Her Mother will then come and bring her Daugh-  
 \* er to me, as I'm seated upon my Sofa. The Daughter,  
 \* with Tears in her Eyes, will fling herself at my Feet, and  
 \* beg of me to receive her into my Favour. Then will I,  
 \* to imprint in her a thorough Veneration for my Person,  
 \* draw up my Legs, and spurn her from me with my Foot,  
 \* in such a Manner, that she shall fall down several Paces  
 \* from the Sofa.'

*Alnaschär* was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical  
 Vision, and could not forbear acting with his Foot what  
 he had in his Thoughts: So that unluckily striking his  
 Basket of Brittle Ware, which was the Foundation of all  
 his Grandeur, he kicked his Glasses to a great Distance  
 from him into the Street, and broke them into ten Thou-  
 sand Pieces.

#### THE APPLICATION.

This is a humorous Ridicule upon the foolish Vanity of  
 building Castles in the Air, and idly wasting that Time,  
 in empty flattering Schemes, which might have been use-  
 fully employ'd in attending our proper Business.

#### Fadlallah and Zemroude, a Persian Tale.

**FADLALLAH**, a Prince of great Virtue, succeed-  
 ed his Father *Bin Ortoe*, in the Kingdom of *Moufol*.  
 He reigned over his faithful Subjects for some Time, and  
 lived in great Happiness with his beauteous Consort Queen  
*Zemroude*; when there appeared at his Court a young  
*Dervis*, of so lively and entertaining a Turn of Wit, as won  
 upon the Affections of every one he had conversed with.  
 His Reputation grew so fast every Day, that it at last  
 raised the Curiosity in the Prince himself to see and talk  
 with him. He did so, and far from finding that common



## 58 HISTORIES and FABLES

Fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that every Thing he had heard of him fell short of the Truth.

*Fadlallah* immediately lost all Manner of Relish for the Conversation of other Men; and as he was every Day more and more satisfied of the Abilities of this Stranger, offered him the first Post in the Kingdom. The young *Dervis*, after having thanked him with a very singular Modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a Vow never to accept of any Employment, and preferring a free and independent State of Life to all other Conditions.

The King was infinitely charmed with so great an Example of Moderation; and tho' he could not get him to engage in a Life of Business, made him, however, his chief Companion and first Favourite.

As they were one Day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the Rest of the Company, the *Dervis* entertained *Fadlallah* with an Account of his Travels and Adventures. After having related to him several Curiosities which he had seen in the *Indies*, "It was in this Place, says he, that I contracted an Acquaintance with an old *Brachman*, who was skilled in the most hidden Powers of Nature. He died within my Arms, and, with his parting Breath, communicated to me one of the most valuable of his Secrets, on Condition I should never reveal it to any Man." The King immediately reflecting on his young Favourite's having refused the late Offers of Greatness he had made him, told him, he presumed it was the Power of making Gold. "No Sir, says the *Dervis*, it is something more wonderful than that; it is the Power of reanimating a dead Body, by slinging my own Soul into it."

While he was yet speaking, a Doe came bounding by them; and the King, who had his Bow ready, shot her through the Heart, telling the *Dervis*, that a fair Opportunity now offered for him to shew his Art. The young Man immediately left his own Body breathless on the Ground, while, at the same Instant, that of the Doe was re-animated; she came to the King, fawned upon him, and, after having play'd several wanton Tricks, fell again upon the Grass; at the same Instant the Body of the *Dervis* recovered its Life. The King was infinitely pleased at so uncommon

uncommon an Operation. and conjured his Friend, by every Thing that was sacred, to communicate it to him. The *Dervis* at first made some Scruple of violating his Promise to the dying *Brachman*, but told him at last, that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a Prince; after having obliged him, therefore, by an Oath of Secresy, he taught him to repeat two Cabalistical Words, in pronouncing of which the whole Secret consisted. The King, impatient to try the Experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and, in an Instant, found himself in the Body of the Doe. He had but little Time to contemplate himself in his new Being; for the treacherous *Dervis* shooting his own Soul into the royal Corpse, and bending the Prince's own Bow against him, had laid him dead on the Spot, had not the King, who perceived his Intent, fled swiftly to the Woods.

The *Dervis*, now triumphant in his Villainy, returned to *Mausel*, and filled the Throne and Bed of the unhappy *Fadlallah*.

The first Thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the Possession of his new-acquired Kingdom, was to issue out a Proclamation, ordering his Subjects to destroy all the Deer in the Realm. The King had perished among the Rest, had he not avoided his Pursuers, by re-animating the Body of a Nightingale, which he saw lie dead at the Foot of a Tree. In this new Shape he winged his Way in Safety to the Palace, where perching on a Tree which stood near his Queen's Apartment, he filled the whole Place with so many melodious and melancholy Notes, as drew her to the Window. He had the Mortification to see, that instead of being pitied, he only moved the Mirth of his Princess, and of a young Female Slave who was with her. He continued, however, to serenade her every Morning; 'till at last the Queen, charmed with his Harmony, sent for the Bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost Skill, to put that little Creature into her Possession. The King, pleased with an Opportunity of being once more near his beloved Consort, easily suffered himself to be taken; and, when he was presented to her, tho' he shewed a Fearfulness to be touched  
by

by any of the other Ladies, flew of his own Accord, and hid himself in the Queen's Bosom. *Zemroude* was highly pleased at the unexpected Fondness of her new Favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an open Cage in her own Apartment. He had there an Opportunity of making his Court to her every Morning, by a thousand little Actions which his Shape allowed him. The Queen passed away whole Hours every Day in hearing and playing with him. *Fadlallah* could even have thought himself happy in this State of Life, had he not frequently endured the inexpressible Torment of seeing the *Derwis* enter the Apartment, and caress his Queen even in his Presence.

The Usurper, amidst his toying with the Princess, would often endeavour to ingratiate himself with her Nightingale; and while the enraged *Fadlallah* pecked at him with his Bill, beat his Wings, and shewed all the Marks of an impotent Rage, it only afforded his Rival and the Queen new Matter for their Diversion. *Zemroude* was likewise fond of a little Lap Dog which she kept in her Apartment, and which one Night happened to die.

The King immediately found himself inclined to quit the Shape of a Nightingale, and enliven this new Body. He did so, and the next Morning *Zemroude* saw her favourite Bird lie dead in the Cage. It is impossible to express her Grief on this Occasion, and when she called to Mind all its little Actions, which even appeared to have somewhat in them like Reason, she was inconsolable for her Loss. Her Women immediately sent for the *Derwis*, to come and comfort her, who after having in vain represented to her the Weakness of being grieved at such Accidents, touch'd at last by her repeated Complaints; *Well, Madam, says he, I will exert the utmost of my Art to please you. Your Nightingale shall again revive every Morning, and serenade you as before.* The Queen beheld him with a Look which easily shewed she did not believe him; when laying himself down on a Sofa, he shot his Soul into the Nightingale, and *Zemroude* was amazed to see her Bird revive.

The King, who was a Spectator of all that passed, lying under the Shape of a Lap-dog in one Corner of the Room, immediately recovered his own Body, and running to the  
Cage



Cage with the utmost Indignation, twisted off the neck of the false Nightingale.

*Zemroude* was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second Accident, 'till the King entreating her to hear him, related to her his whole Adventure,

The Body of the *Dervis*, which was found dead in the Wood, and his Edict for killing all the Deer, left her no Room to doubt of the Truth of it: But the Story adds, that out of an extream Delicacy (peculiar to the Oriental Ladies) she was so highly afflicted at the innocent Adultery in which she had for some Time lived with the *Dervis*, that no Arguments, even from *Fadlallah* himself, could compose her Mind. She shortly after died with Grief, begging his Pardon with her latest Breath for what the most rigid Justice could not have interpreted as a Crime.

The King was so afflicted with her Death, that he left his Kingdom to one of his nearest Relations, and passed the rest of his Days in Solitude and Retirement.

#### THE APPLICATION.

The Design here seems to be a Check upon an unbounded Curiosity in Matters that do not concern us, which often leads the unwary into Snares and Difficulties. It suggests also an useful Admonition to make ourselves well acquainted with the real Qualities of Persons, before we give up ourselves too much to their Influence.

#### *The Infidel Sultan, and a Doctor in the Law.*

**M**onsieur *Mallebranche* tells us, that it is possible some Creatures may think half an Hour as long as we do a thousand Years; or look upon that Space of Duration which we call a Minute; as an Hour, a Week a Month, or an whole Age.

There is a famous Passage in the *Alcoran*, which looks as if *Mahomet* had been possessed of the Notion we are now speaking of. It is there said that the Angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his Bed one Morning, to give him a Sight of all Things in the Seven Heavens, in Paradise,  
and

and in Hell, which the Prophet took a distinct View of; and, after having held ninety thousand Conferences with God, was brought again to his Bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a Space of Time, that *Mabomet*, at his Return, found his Bed still warm, and took up an Earthen Pitcher (which was thrown down at the very Instant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away) before the Water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty Story in the *Turkish* Tales, which relates to this Passage of that famous Impostor. A Sultan of *Egypt*, who was an Infidel, used to laugh at this Circumstance in *Mabomet's* Life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: But conversing one Day with a great Doctor in the Law, who had the Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him, he would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Passage in the History of *Mabomet*, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge Tub of Water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the Tub, amidst a Circle of his great Men, the Holy Man bid him plunge his Head into Water, and draw it up again: The King accordingly thrust his Head into the Water, and at the same Time found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on a Sea Shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for his Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper Methods for getting a Livelihood in this strange Country: Accordingly he applied himself to some People whom he saw at Work in a neighbouring Wood; these People conducted him to a Town that stood at a little Distance from the Wood, where, after some Adventure, he married a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He lived with this Woman so long, till he had by her seven Sons and seven Daughters: He was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forced to think of plying in the Streets as a Porter for his Livelihood. One Day as he was walking alone by the Sea Side, being seized by many melancholy Reflections upon his former and his present State of Life,

which

which had raised a Fit of Devotion in him, he threw off his Cloaths with a Design to wash himself, according to the Custom of the *Mahometans*, before he said his Prayers.

After his first Plunge into the Sea, he no sooner raised his Head above the Water, but he found himself standing by the Side of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the Holy Man at his Side: He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having sent him on such a Course of Adventures, and betrayed him into so long a State of Misery and Servitude; but was wonderfully surprized, when he heard that the State he talked of was only a Dream and Delusion; that he had not stirred from the Place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

The *Mahometan* Doctor took this Occasion of instructing the Sultan, that Nothing was impossible with God; and that he, with whom a thousand Years are but as one Day, can, if he pleases, make a single Day, nay, a single Moment, appear to any of his Creatures as a thousand Years.

#### THE APPLICATION.

As it belongs not to us to limit the Divine Omnipotency, so it as little becomes us to busy ourselves in fruitless Speculations we can never clear; while all that is necessary for us to know of Truth and Duty, lies plain before us.

#### *A Jewish Tradition vindicating Providence.*

**I**N a *Jewish* Tradition concerning *Moses*, that great Prophet, it is said, was called up by a Voice from Heaven to the Top of a Mountain; where, in a Conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some Questions concerning his Administration of the Universe. In the midst of this divine Colloquy, he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the Foot of the Mountain there issued out a clear Spring of Water, at which a Soldier alighted from his Horse to drink. He was no sooner gone, than a little Boy



## 64 HISTORIES and FABLES

Boy came to the same Place, and finding a Purse of Gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up, and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old Man, weary with Age and travelling, and having quenched his Thirst, sat down to rest himself by the Side of the Spring. The Soldier missing his Purse, returns to search for it, and demands it of the old Man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in Witness of his Innocence. The Soldier, not believing his Protestations, kills him. *Moses* fell on his Face with Horror and Amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his Expostulation: 'Be not surprized *Moses*, nor ask why the Judge of the whole Earth has suffered this Thing to come to pass: The Child is the Occasion that the Blood of the old Man is spilt; but know, that the old Man whom thou sawest, was the Murderer of that Child's Father.'

### THE APPLICATION.

"We are not at present (says the ingenious Mr. Addison) in a proper Situation to judge of the Counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our Knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; and those Events, the Permission of which seems now to accuse the Divine Goodness, may, in the Consummation of Things, both magnify his Goodness, and exalt his Wisdom;" yet the careful Observer may, in this State of Twilight, sometimes discover much of Equity in the Divine Administrations, as in the Case of *Adanibezek*, who acknowledged the Justice of his Punishment.

### PLEASURE and PAIN, a Fable.

THERE were two Families, which, from the Beginning of the World, were as opposite to each other as Light and Darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest Descendant of the first Family was Pleasure, who was the Daughter of Happiness, who was the Child of Virtue, who was the Offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their Habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite Family

Family was Pain, who was the Son of Misery, who was the Child of Vice, who was the Offspring of the Furies. The Habitation of this Race of Beings was in Hell.

The middle Station of Nature between these two opposite Extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by Creatures of a middle Kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad Qualities of these opposite Families. *Jupiter*, considering that this Species, commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a Distinction between the Good and the Bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned Families, Pleasure, who was the Daughter of Happiness, and Pain, who was the Son of Misery, to meet one another upon this Part of Nature, which lay in the Half-way between them, having promised to settle it upon both, provided they could agree upon the Division of it, so as to share Mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new Habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this Point, that Pleasure should take Possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious Part of that Species which was given up to them. But, upon examining to which of them any Individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a Right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old Places of Residence, there was no Person so vicious, who had not some Good in him, nor any Person so virtuous, who had not in him some Evil. The Truth of it is, they generally found upon Search, that in the most vicious Man Pleasure might lay Claim to an Hundredth Part, and that in the most virtuous Man Pain might come in for at least two Thirds. This they saw would occasion endless Disputes between them, unless they could come to some Accommodation. To this End there was a Marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: By this Means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant Yoke-fellows, and that they either make their Visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into an Heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and

## 66 HISTORIES and FABLES

and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this Marriage was very convenient for the two Parties, it did not seem to answer the Intention of *Jupiter* in sending them among Mankind. To remedy therefore this Inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by Article, and confirmed by the Consent of each Family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the Species indifferently; upon the Death of every single Person, if he was found to have in him a certain Proportion of Evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal Regions by a Passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice and the Furies. Or, on the contrary, if he had in him a certain Proportion of Good, he should be dispatched into Heaven by a Passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods.

### THE APPLICATION.

Moral Good and Evil are productive of all the Happiness or Misery we see in the World. In this imperfect State the best of Men have their Share of Pain. It is only after Death, Virtue and Vice shall have their compleat Reward, which will be exactly proportioned to our prevailing Conduct here.

## MENNIPUS and JUPITER.

**M**ENNIPUS the Philosopher was a second Time taken up into Heaven by *Jupiter*, when, for his Entertainment, he lifted up a Trap-door that was placed by his Footstool. At its rising there issued through it such a Din of Cries as astonished the Philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, *Jupiter* told him they were the Prayers that were sent up to him from the Earth: *Mennipus*, amidst the Confusion of Voices, which was so great that nothing less than the Ear of *Jove* could distinguish them, heard the Words, *Riches, Honour, and Long Life*, repeated in several different Tones and Languages. When the first Hubbub of Sounds was over, the Trap-door being left open, the Voices came up more separate and distinct. The first



first Prayer was a very odd one; it came from *Athens*, and desired *Jupiter* to increase the Wisdom and the Beard of his humble Suppliant. *Mennipus* knew it, by the Voice, to be the Prayer of his Friend *Lycander*, the Philosopher. This was succeeded by the Petition of one who had just laden a Ship, and promised *Jupiter*, if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of Riches, he would make him an Offering of a Silver Cup. *Jupiter* thanked him for nothing; and, bending down his Ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a Voice complaining to him of the Cruelty of an *Ephesian* Widow, and begging him to breed Compassion in her Heart: This, says *Jupiter*, is a very honest Fellow. I have received a great deal of Incense from him: I will not be so cruel to him as to hear his Prayers. He was then interrupted with a whole Volley of Vows, which were made for the Health of a tyrannical Prince by his Subjects, who prayed for him in his Presence. *Mennipus* was surprised, after having listened to Prayers offered up with so much Ardour and Devotion, to hear low Whispers from the same Assembly, expostulating with *Jove* for suffering such a Tyrant to live; and asking him how his Thunder could lie idle? *Jupiter* was so offended at these prevaricating Rascals, that he took down the first Vows, and puffed away the last. The Philosopher, seeing a great Cloud mounting upwards, and making its Way directly to the Trap-door, enquired of *Jupiter* what it meant. This, says *Jupiter*, is the Smoke of a whole Hetacomb that is offered me by the General of an Army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand Men that are drawn up in array against him: What does the impudent Wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a Sacrifice of so many Mortals as good as himself, and all this to his Glory, forsooth? But hark, says *Jupiter*, there is a Voice I never heard but in Time of Danger; 'tis a Rogue that is shipwreck'd in the *Ionian* Sea: I saved him on a Plank but three Days ago, upon his Promise to mend his Manners, the Scoundrel is not worth a Groat, and yet has the Impudence to offer me a Temple if I will keep him from sinking. — But yonder, says he, is a special Youth for you, he desires

desires me to take his Father, who keeps a great Estate from him, out of the Miseries of human Life. The old Fellow shall live till he makes his Heart ake, I can tell him that for his Pains. This was followed by the soft Voice of a pious Lady, desiring *Jupiter* that she might appear amiable and charming in the Sight of her Emperor. As the Philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary Petition, there blew a gentle Wind through the Trap-door, which he at first mistook for a Gale of *Zephyrs*, but afterwards found it to be a Breeze of Sighs: They smelt strong of Flowers and Incense, and were succeeded by most passionate Complaints of Wounds and Torments, Fires and Arrows; Cruelty, Despair, and Death. *Mennipus* fancied that such lamentable Cries arose from some general Execution, or from Wretches lying under the Torture; but *Jupiter* told him, that they came up to him from the Isle of *Paphos*, and that he every Day received Complaints of the same Nature from that whimsical Tribe of Mortals who are called Lovers. I am so trifled with, says he, by this Generation of both Sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their Petitions, that I shall order a Western Wind for the future to intercept them in their Passage, and blow them at Random upon the Earth. The last Petition I heard was from a very aged Man, of near a hundred Years old, begging but for one Year more of Life, and then promising to die contented. This is the rarest old Fellow, says *Jupiter*; he has made this Prayer to me for above twenty Years together. When he was but fifty Years old, he desired only that he might live to see his Son settled in the World; I granted it. He then begged the same Favour for his Daughter, and afterwards that he might see the Education of a Grandson. When all this was brought about, he puts up a Petition that he might live to finish a House he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old Cur, and never wants an Excuse; I will hear no more of him. Upon which he flung down the Trap-door in a Passion, and was resolved to give no more Audiences that Day.

Not-

Notwithstanding the Levity of this Fable, the Moral of it very well deserves our Attention. The Vanity of Men's Wishes, which are the natural Prayers of the Mind, as well as many of those secret Devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other Reasons for set Forms of Prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this Means the Folly and Extravagance of Men's Desires may be kept within due Bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous Petitions on so great and solemn an Occasion.

THE APPLICATION.

So erroneous, often, is our Choice of Happiness, that the granting our Wishes would be the greatest Cruelty to us. This should teach us a humble Submission to the divine Wisdom in all our Petitions for temporal Blessings.

*The Persian SULTAN's exemplary Justice.*

AS one of the Sultans lay encamped on the Plains of *Avala*, a certain great Man of the Army entered by Force into a Peasant's House, and finding his Wife very handsome, turned the good Man out of his Dwelling and went to Bed to her. The Peasant complain'd the next Morning to the Sultan, and desired Redress; but was not able to point out the Criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the Injury done to the poor Man, told him, that probably the Offender might give his Wife another Visit, and, if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his Tent, and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three Days the Officer entered again the Peasant's House, and turned the Owner out of Doors; who thereupon applied himself to the Imperial Tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in Person, with his Guards, to the poor Man's House, where he arrived about Midnight. As the Attendants carried each of them a Flambeau in their Hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the Lights to be put out, gave the Word to enter the House, find out the Criminal, and  
put



## 70 HISTORIES and FABLES

put him to Death. This was immediately executed, and the Corpse laid out upon the Floor, by the Emperor's Command. He then bid every one light his Flambeau, and stand about the dead Body. The Sultan approaching it, looked upon the Face, and immediately fell upon his Knees in Prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the Peasant to set before him whatever Food he had in the House. The Peasant brought out a great deal of coarse Fare, of which the Emperor eat very heartily. The Peasant seeing him in good Humour, presumed to ask of him, Why he had ordered the Flambeaux to be put out, before he had commanded the Adulterer should be slain? Why, upon their being lighted again. he looked upon the Face of the dead Body, and fell down in Prayer? And why, after this, he had ordered Meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The Sultan, being willing to gratify the Curiosity of his Host, answered him in this Manner. "Upon hearing the Greatness of the Offence, which had been committed by one of the Army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own Sons; for who else would have been so audacious and presuming? I gave Orders, therefore, for the Lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by Partiality or Compassion, from doing Justice on the Criminal. Upon the lighting the Flambeaux a second Time I looked upon the Face of the dead Person, and, to my unspeakable Joy, found it was not my Son. It was for this Reason that I immediately fell upon my Knees, and gave Thanks to God. As to my eating heartily of the Food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great Anxiety of Mind I have been in, upon this Occasion, since the first Complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any Thing from that Time till this very Moment."

### The APPLICATION.

We have here a noble Instance of Magnanimity in the Execution of Justice. The Man that would be steadily virtuous, must be deaf to Passion; and resolutely shun every Thing that may throw a Bias on the Mind;  
nor

nor should we overlook the Sultan's pious Gratitude. Our Thankfulness for a Deliverance, should bear a Proportion to our past Distress.

### TIMOLEON's *providential Preservation.*

**T**IMOLEON was famous for referring all his Successes to Providence. He had in his House a private Chapel, in which he used to pay his Devotions to the Goddess, who represented Providence among the Heathens. I think no Man was ever more distinguished by the Deity whom he blindly worshipp'd, than the great Person I am speaking of, in several Occurrences of his Life, but particularly in the following one, which I shall relate out of *Plutarch*.

Three Persons had entered into a Conspiracy to assassinate *Timoleon*, as he was offering up his Devotions in a certain Temple. In order to it, they took their several Stands in the most convenient Places for their Purpose. As they were waiting for an Opportunity to put their Design in Execution, a Stranger, having observed one of the Conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their Plot had been discovered, threw themselves at *Timoleon's* Feet, and confessed the whole Matter. This Stranger, upon Examination, was found to have understood Nothing of the intended Assassination, but having, several Years before, had a Brother killed by the Conspirator, whom he here put to Death; and having, till now, sought in vain for an Opportunity of Revenge, he chanced to meet the Murderer in the Temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned Purpose. *Plutarch* cannot forbear, on this Occasion, speaking with a Kind of Rapture on the Schemes of Providence, which, in this Particular, had so contrived it, that the Stranger should for so great a Space of Time be debarred the Means of doing Justice to his Brother, till, by the same Blow that revenged the Death of one innocent Man, he preserved the Life of another.

For my own Part, I cannot wonder that a Man of *Timoleon's* Religion should have his Intrepidity and Firmness  
of

## 72 HISTORIES and FABLES

of Mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a Deliverance as I have here related.

### The APPLICATION.

A dutiful steady Reliance upon God, and ascribing our Successes to him, is the Way to engage his Blessing and Protection, and will give that Firmness to the Mind which nothing else can, nor shall it ever be exercised in vain; for he who holds the Universe in Existence, can, with Ease, avert the most hidden Mischief, and, by unlook'd-for Means, turn the intended Mischief upon the guilty Head.

### ANDROCLES *and the* Numidian LYON.

**A**NDROCLES was the Slave of a noble Roman, who was Procurator of *Africa*. He had been guilty of a Fault, for which his Master would have put him to Death, had not he found an Opportunity to escape out of his Hands, and fled into the Desert of *Numidia*. As he was wandering among the barren Sands, and almost dead with Heat and Hunger, he saw a Cave in the Side of a Rock. He went into it, and finding at the further End of it a Place to sit down upon, rested there for some Time. At length, to his great Surprise, a huge over-grown Lion entered at the Mouth of the Cave, and seeing a Man at the upper End of it, immediately made towards him. *Androcles* gave himself for gone; but the Lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his Paw upon his Lap, and, with a complaining Kind of Voice, fell a licking his Hand. *Androcles*, after having recovered himself a little from the Fright he was in, observed the Lion's Paw exceedingly swelled by a large Thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and, by squeezing the Paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt Matter run out of it, which probably freed the Lion from the great Anguish he had felt some Time before. The Lion left him upon receiving this good Office from him, and soon after returned with a Fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the Feet of his Benefactor, and went off again in Pursuit of his Prey. *Androcles*, after having soddened the Flesh of it  
by



by the Sun, subsisted upon it till the Lion had supplied him with another. He lived many Days in this frightful Solitude, the Lion catering for him with great Assiduity. Being tired at length of this Savage Society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his Master's Hands, and suffer the worst Effects of his Displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from Mankind. His Master, as was customary for the Proconsuls of *Africk*, was at that Time getting together a Present of all the largest Lions that could be found in the Country, in order to send them to *Rome*, that they might furnish out a Shew for the *Roman* People. Upon his poor Slave's surrendering himself into his Hands, he ordered him to be carried away to *Rome* as soon as the Lions were in Readiness to be sent, and that for his Crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the Lions in the Amphitheatre, as usual, for the Diversion of the People. This was also performed accordingly. *Androc'es*, after such a strange Run of Fortune, was now in the Area of the Theatre amidst Thousands of Spectators, expecting every Moment when his Antagonist would come out upon him. At length a huge monstrous Lion leaped out from the Place where he had been kept hungry for the Shew. He advanced with great Rage towards the Man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, he fell to the Ground, and crept towards his Feet, with all the Signs of Blandishment and Caress. *Androcles*, after a short Pause, discovered that it was his old *Numidian* Friend, and immediately renewed his Acquaintance with him. Their mutual Congratulations were very surprizing to the Beholders, who, upon hearing an Account of the whole Matter from *Androcles*, ordered him to be pardoned, and the Lion to be given up into his Possession. *Androcles* returned at *Rome* the Civilities which he had received from him in the Desarts of *Africk*. *Dion Cassius* says, that he himself saw the Man leading the Lion about the Streets of *Rome*, the People every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, " *Hic est Leo Hospes Hominis* ; *Hic est* " *Homo Medicus Leonis*. This is the Lion who was

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" the

“ the Man’s Host : This is the Man who was the Lion’s  
 “ Physician.”

#### THE APPLICATION.

The generous Gratitude of this noble Animal loudly reproaches many of our own Species, who, tho’ endowed with higher Faculties, quickly lose a Sense of Favours received ; and some, still more base, return Evil for Good to their greatest Benefactors.

Had *Androcles* been some great Person, there would have been many shining Remarks, at least, on the extraordinary Circumstances of his very remarkable Deliverance ; as that the Lion intended for his Destruction should be the same he had preserved, &c. But we may see, that the Life of the meanest Slave is as precious as that of the greatest Hero, in the Sight of him who has formed us all of one Clay.

#### *A French Nobleman’s extraordinary Discovery of his Children.*

**T**HE silent Whispers of Nature have had a marvellous Power, even when their Cause hath been unknown. There are several Examples in Story, of tender Friendships formed betwixt Men who knew not of their near Relation. Such Accounts confirm me in an Opinion I have long entertained, that there is a Sympathy betwixt Souls, which cannot be explained by the Prejudice of Education, the Sense of Duty, or any other human Motive.

The Memoirs of a certain *French Nobleman*, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining Instance of this secret Attraction, implanted by Providence in the human Soul. It will be necessary to inform the Reader, that the Person, whose Story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantick Temper, joined to a Disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast Variety of Gallantry and Amours. He had in his Youth attended a Princess of *France* into *Poland*, where he had been entertained by the King her Husband, and married the Daughter of a Grandee. Upon her Death he returned into his native Country, where his Intrigues and other Misfortunes having consumed his paternal Estate, he now went

to take Care of the Fortune his deceased Wife had left him in *Poland*. In his Journey he was robbed before he reached *Warsaw*, and lay ill of a Fever, when he met with the following Adventure; which we shall relate in his own Words.

" I had been in this Condition for four Days, when the Countess of *Venoski* passed that Way. She was informed that a Stranger of good Fashion lay sick, and her Charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my Wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew not me, I thought fit to conceal my Name. I told her I was a *German*; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the Charity to send me to *Warsaw*, the Queen would acknowledge it, I having the Honour to be known to her Majesty. The Countess had the Goodness to take Compassion of me; and ordering me to be put in a Litter, carried me to *Warsaw*, where I was lodged in her House, till my Health should allow me to wait upon the Queen.

" My Fever increased, after my Journey was over, and I was confined to my Bed for fifteen Days. When the Countess first saw me she had a young Lady with her about eighteen Years of Age, who was much taller and better shaped than the *Polish* Women generally are. She was very fair, her Skin exceeding fine, and her Air and Shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young Beauty; and I felt in my Heart such Emotions at the first View, as made me fear that all my Misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the Charms of the fair Sex. The amiable Creature seemed afflicted at my Sickness; and she appeared to have so much Concern and Care for me, as raised in me a great Inclination and Tenderness for her. She came every Day into my Chamber, to enquire after my Health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was Niece to the Countess of *Venoski*.

" I verily believe, that the constant Sight of this charming Maid, and the Pleasure I received from her careful Attendance, contributed more to my Recovery, than all the Medicines the Physicians gave me. In short, my Fever



## 76 HISTORIES and FABLES

left me, and I had the Satisfaction to see the lovely Creature overjoyed at my Recovery. She came to see me oftner as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender Affection for her than I ever bore to any Woman in my Life; when I began to perceive that her constant Care of me was only a Blind, to give her an Opportunity of seeing a young *Pole*, whom I took to be her Lover. He seemed to be much about her Age, of a brown Complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every Time she came to see me, the young Gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a Corner of the Chamber, where they seemed to converse with great Earnestness. The Aspect of the Youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my Rival, I should have taken Delight in his Person and Friendship.

" They both of them often ask'd if I were in reality a *German*; which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled at. One Day I took Notice the young Lady and Gentleman, having retired to a Window, were very intent upon a Picture; and that every now and then, they cast their Eyes upon me, as if they had found some Resemblance betwixt that and my Features. I could not forbear to ask the Meaning of it; upon which the Lady answered, that if I had been a *Frenchman*, she should have imagined I was the Person for whom the Picture was drawn, because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my Surprize! when I found it to be the very Painting which I had sent to the Queen five Years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my Children. After I had viewed the Piece, I cast my Eyes upon the young Lady, and then upon the Gentleman I had thought to be her Lover. My Heart beat, and I felt a secret Emotion which filled me with Wonder. I thought I traced in the two young Persons some of my own Features, and at that Moment I said to myself, *Are not these my Children?* The Tears came into my Eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with Pain, I asked whose Picture it was! The Maid perceiving that I could not speak without Tears, fell a weeping. Her Tears absolutely confirm'd me

me in my Opinion, and falling upon her Neck, *Ab, my dear Child,* said I, *yes, I am your Father.* I could say no more. The Youth seized my Hands at the same Time, and kissing, bathed them with their Tears. Throughout my Life I never felt a Joy equal to this; and it must be own'd, that Nature inspires more lively Motions and pleasing Tenderness than the Passions can possibly excite."

### THE APPLICATION.

Well was this good Lady's Hospitality rewarded in the joyful Discovery of a Parent long lost to his Children: How favourable was the Illness that stopped his Journey, and threw him into her Hands? Such happy Effects often have those Occurrences we think the most distressing: The wise Author of our Frame has, kindly, so ordered it for mutual Happiness, that the pure Joys of natural Affection give a Delight to the Heart hardly to be equalled. How greatly are we then our own Enemies, in suffering our vicious Passions so often to interrupt, and sometimes totally destroy these pleasing Enjoyments.

### SANTON BARSISA, *the Hermit, and the Devil.*

THERE was formerly a *Santon* whose Name was *Barsisa*, who for the Space of an hundred Years very fervently apply'd himself to Prayer, and scarce ever went out of the Grotto in which he made his Residence, for fear of exposing himself to the Danger of offending God. He fast'd in the Day-time, and watched in the Night; all the Inhabitants of the Country had such a great Veneration for him, and so highly valued his Prayers, that they commonly applied to him, when they had any Favour to beg of Heaven. When he made Vows for the Health of a sick Person, the Patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the Daughter of the King of that Country fell into a dangerous Distemper, the Cause of which the Physicians could not discover, yet they continued prescribing Remedies by guess; but, instead of helping

the Princess, they only augmented her Disease. In the mean time the King was inconsolable, for he passionately loved his Daughter; wherefore one Day, finding all human Assistance vain, he declared it as his Opinion, that the Princess ought to be sent to the *Santon Barfiso*.

All the *Bays* applauded his Sentiments, and the King's Officers conducted her to the *Santon*; who, notwithstanding his frozen Age, could not see such a Beauty, without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with Pleasure, and the Devil taking this Opportunity, whispered in his Ear thus: "O *Santon*! don't let slip such a fortunate Minute: Tell the King's Servants, that it is requisite for the Princess to pass this Night in the Grotto, to see whether it will please God to cure her; that you will put up a Prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her To-morrow."

How weak is Man! The *Santon* followed the Devil's Advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the Officers, before they could yield to leave the Princess, sent one of their Number to know the King's Pleasure. That Monarch, who had an entire Confidence in *Barfisa*, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his Daughter with him. "I consent," said he, "that she stay with that Holy-Man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases: I am wholly satisfied on that Head."

When the Officers had received the King's Answer, they all retired, and the Princess remained alone with the Hermit. Night being come, the Devil presented himself to the *Santon*, saying, "Can'st thou let slip so favourable an Opportunity with so charming a Creature? Fear not her telling of the Violence you offer her; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The Court, the City, and all the World, are too much prepossessed in your Favour, to give any Credit to such a Report. You may do any thing unpunished, when armed by the great Reputation for Wisdom which you have acquired." The unfortunate *Barfisa* was so weak, as to hearken to the Enemy of Mankind. He approached the Princess, took her into his Arms, and, in a Moment, cancelled a Virtue of an hundred Years Duration.

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He had no sooner perpetrated his Crime, than a thousand avenging Horrors haunted him Night and Day. He thus accosted the Devil: "Wretch, *said he*, 'tis thou which hast destroyed me! Thou hast encompassed me for an whole Age, and endeavoured to seduce me, and now at last thou hast gained thy End." "O *Santon!* answered the Devil, don't reproach me with the Pleasure thou hast enjoyed. Thou mayest repent: But what is unhappy for thee is, that the Princess is pregnant, and thy Sin will become publick; thou wilt become the Laughing-stock of those who admire and reverence thee at present, and the King will put thee to an ignominious Death."

*Barfisa*, terrified by this Discourse, says to the Devil: "What shall I do to prevent the Publication of my Shame?" "To hinder the Knowledge of your Crime, you ought to commit a fresh one, answered the Devil: Kill the Princess, bury her at the Corner of the Grotto, and when the King's Messengers come Tomorrow, tell them you have cured her, and that she went from the Grotto very early in the Morning: They will believe you, and search for her all over the City and Country; the King, her Father, will be in great Pain for her, but, after several vain Searches, it will wear off."

The Hermit, abandoned by God, pursuant to this Advice, killed the Princess, buried her in a Corner of the Grotto, and the next Day told the Officers what the Devil bid him say. They made diligent Enquiry for the King's Daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they despaired of finding her, when the Devil told them that all their Search for the Princess was vain; and relating what had passed betwixt her and the *Santon*, he told them the Place where she was interred. The Officers immediately went to the Grotto, seized *Barfisa*, and found the Princess's Body in the Place to which the Devil had directed them, whereupon they took up the Corpse, and carried that and the *Santon* to the Palace.

When the King saw his Daughter dead, and was informed of the whole Event, he broke out into Tears and bitter Lamentations; and, assembling the Doctors, he laid the *Santon's* Crime before them, and asked their Ad-

## 80 HISTORIES and FABLES

vice how he should be punished. All the Doctors condemned him to Death, upon which the King ordered him to be hang'd. Accordingly a Gibbet was erected: The Hermit went up the Ladder, and when he was going to be turn'd off, the Devil whispered in his Ear these Words: "O *Santon*! if you will worship me, I will extricate you out of this Difficu'ty, and transport you two thousand Leagues from hence, into a Country where you shall be revered by Men, as much as you were before this Adventure." "I am content, says *Barfisa*; deliver me, and I will worship thee." "Give me the first Sign of Adoration, replies the Devil;" whereupon the *Santon* bow'd his Head, and said, "I give myself to you." The Devil then raising his Voice, said, "O *Barfisa*, I am satisfy'd, I have obtain'd what I desired:" And with these Words, spitting in his Face, he disappear'd; and the deluded *Santon* was hanged."

### The APPLICATION.

This instructive Fable justly represents the extreme Danger even those of the most established Virtue are in, by listening to the first Motions of Temptation. We see here one irregular Indulgence destroying the labour'd Attainments of a whole Life of Sanctity. One Crime leads on to another, and that still to a worse, till our vain Hopes of Concealment end in the bitter Remorse and deserved Punishment.

R—— T——, and his proud Mistress.

**A**BOUT twelve Years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a Gentleman, who was in a Post that brought him a yearly Revenue, sufficient to live very handsomely upon. He had a Wife, and no Child but a Daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other Fortune than such a one as her Father could raise out of the Income of his Place, which, as they managed it, was scarce sufficient for their ordinary Expences. Miss *Betty* had always the best Sort of

of Cloaths, and was hardly allowed to keep Company but with those above her Rank; so that it was no Wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked upon as her Inferiors. There liv'd by them a Barber who had a Daughter about Miss's Age, that could speak *French*, had read several Books at her leisure Hours, and was a perfect Mistress at her Needle, and in a Kind of Female Manufacture. She was at the same Time, a pretty, modest, witty Girl. She was hired to come to Miss an Hour or two every Day, to talk *French* with her, and teach her to work, but Miss always treated her with great Contempt; and when *Molly* gave her any Advice, rejected it with Scorn.

About the same Time several young Fellows made their Addresses to Miss *Betty*, who had indeed a great deal of Wit and Beauty, had she not been infected with so much Vanity and Self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain, sober young Man, who loved her almost to Distraction. His Passion was the common Talk of the Neighbourhood, who used to be often discoursing of Mr. T—'s Angel, for that was the Name he always gave her in ordinary Conversation. As his Circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger Brother, Mrs. *Betty* rejected him with Disdain; insomuch that the young Man, as is usual among those who are crossed in Love, put himself aboard the Fleet, with a Resolution to seek his Fortune, and forget his Mistress. This was very happy for him, for in a few Years, being concerned in several Captures, he brought home with him an Estate of about twelve thousand Pounds.

Mean while Days and Years went on, Miss lived high, and learnt but little; most of her Time being employ'd in reading Plays and practising to dance, in which she arriv'd at a great Perfection; when, of a sudden, at a Change of Ministry, her Father lost his Place, and was forced to leave *London*, where he could no longer live upon the Foot he had formerly done. Not many Years after I was told the poor Gentleman was dead, and had left his Widow and Daughter in a very disconsolate Condition, but could not learn where to find them, tho' I made what Enquiry I could; and I must own, I immediately suspected their



Pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former Acquaintance. I had left enquiring after them for some Years, when I happened not long ago, as I was asking at a House for a Gentleman I had some Business with, to be led into a Parlour by a handsome young Woman, who I presently fancy'd was that very Daughter I had so long sought in vain. My Suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush at the Sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon, or speaking to me: Madam, said I, are not you Mrs. such a-one? At which Words the Tears ran down her Cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving me an Answer; but I stopp'd her, and being to wait a-while for the Gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this Opportunity of satisfying my Curiosity. I could not well discern by her Dress, which was genteel, tho' not fine, whether she was the Mistress of the House, or only a Servant; but supposing her to be the first, I am glad, Madam, said I, after having long inquired after you, to have so happily met with you, and to find you Mistress of so fine a Place. These Words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such a Disorder, that it was some Time before she could recover herself; but as soon as she was able to speak, Sir, said she, you are mistaken; I am but a Servant. Her Voice fell in these last Words, and she burst again into Tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much Grief and Confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. Alas, Sir, said she, my Condition is much better than I deserve. I have the kindest and best of Women for my Mistress. She is, Wife to the Gentleman you come to speak withal. You know her very well, and have often seen her with me. To make my Story short, I found that my late Friend's Daughter was now a Servant to the Barber's Daughter whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The Gentleman, at whose House I now was, fell in Love with *her*, and being Master of a great Fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his Satisfaction as he could desire. He treats her with all the Friendship and Respect possible, but not with more than her Behaviour and

and good Qualities deserve. And 'twas with a great deal of Pleasure I heard her Maid dwell so long upon her Commendation. She informed me, that after her Father's Death, her Mother and she lived together for a while in great Poverty. But her Mother's Spirit could not bear the Thoughts of asking Relief of any of her own, or her Husband's Acquaintance; so that they retired from all their Friends, 'till they were providentially discovered by this new-married Woman, who heap'd on 'em Favours upon Favours. Her Mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her Daughter a Beggar, than a Servant. But being freed by her Death, she was taken into this Gentlewoman's Family, where she now lived, tho' much more like a Friend or a Companion, than like a Servant.

I went home full of this strange Adventure, and about a Week after, chancing to be in Company with Mr. T. the rejected Lover, whom I mention'd in the Beginning of my Letter, I told him the whole Story of his Angel, not questioning but he would feel, on this Occasion, the usual Pleasures of a resenting Lover, when he hears that Fortune has avenged him of the Cruelty of his Mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several Particulars, I observed that he covered his Face with his Hand, and that his Breast heaved as tho' it would have burst, which I took at first to have been a Fit of Laughter; but upon lifting up his Head I saw his Eyes all red with Weeping. He forced a Smile at the End of my Story, and we parted.

About a Fortnight after I received from him the following Letter.

*Dear Sir,*

**I** Am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me News of my Angel. I have since married her, and think the low Circumstances she was reduced to a Piece of good Luck to both of us, since it has quite removed that little Pride and Vanity, which was the only Part of her Character

ter that I disliked, and has given me an Opportunity of shewing her the constant and sincere Affection, which I proposed to her in the Time of her Prosperity.

*Yours, R — T —.*

### THE APPLICATION.

A haughty over-bearing Temper often meets with, and always deserves, some very humbling Circumstances; and happy it is if they bring it to a just Sense of itself. We may learn in T——'s Angel how great an Injury they do their Children, who breed them up in a Manner they are not likely to support; and should also take Warning never to behave disdainfully towards our Inferiors; since we know not how soon a Reverse of Fortune may set them above us. We see in Mr. T—— that true Love is superior to ill Usage, and will rejoice in an Opportunity, when the Conduct is altered, of proving it's Fidelity.

### HELM, the great Physician.

THE Name of *Helim* is still famous through all the Eastern Parts of the World. He is called among the *Persians*, even to this Day, *Helim*, the great Physician. He was acquainted with all the Powers of Simples, understood all the Influences of the Stars, and knew the Secrets that were engraved on the Seal of *Solomon* the Son of *David*. *Helim* was also Governor of the Black Palace, and Chief of the Physicians to *Alnareschin*, the great King of *Persia*.

*Alnareschin* was the most dreadful Tyrant that ever reigned in this Country. He was of a fearful, suspicious and cruel Nature, having put to Death, upon very slight Jealousies and Surmises, five and thirty of his Queens, and above twenty Sons, whom he suspected to have conspired against his Life. Being at length wearied with the Exercise of so many Cruelties in his own Family, and fearing lest the whole Race of *Caliphs* should be entirely lost, he one Day sent for *Helim*, and spoke to him after this Manner. *Helim*, said he, *I have long admired thy great*  
*Wisdom,*



Wisdom, and retired Way of Living. I shall now shew thee the entire Confidence which I place in thee. I have only two Sons remaining, who are as yet but Infants. It is my Design that thou take them home with thee, and educa'te them as your own. Train them in the humble, unambitious Pursuits of Knowledge. By this Means shall the Line of Caliphs be preserv'd, and my Children succeed after me, without aspiring to my Throne whilst I am yet alive. The Words of my Lord the King shall be obeyed, said *Helim*. After which he bowed, and went out of the King's Presence. He then received the Children into his own House, and from that Time bred them up with him in the Studies of Knowledge and Virtue. The young Princes loved and respected *Helim* as their Father, and made such Improvements under him, that by the Age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the Learning of the East. The Name of the eldest was *Ibrahim*, and of the youngest *Abdallab*. They lived together in such a perfect Friendship, that to this Day it is said of intimate Friends, that they live together like *Ibrahim* and *Abdallab*. *Helim* had an only Child, who was a Girl of a fine Soul, and a most beautiful Person. Her Father omitted nothing in her Education that might make her the most accomplished Woman of her Age. As the young Princes were in a Manner excluded from the rest of the World, they frequently conversed with this lovely Virgin, who had been brought up by her Father in the same Course of Knowledge and Virtue. *Abdallab*, whose Mind was of a softer Turn than that of his Brother, grew by Degrees so enamoured of her Conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in Company with his beloved *Balsora*, for that was the Name of the Maid. The Fame of her Beauty was so great, that at length it came to the Ears of the King, who pretending to visit the young Princes his Sons, demanded of *Helim* the Sight of *Balsora* his fair Daughter. The King was so inflamed with her Beauty and Behaviour, that he sent for *Helim* the next Morning, and told him it was now his Design to recompence him for all his faithful Services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his Daughter Queen of *Persia*. *Helim*, who knew very well the Fate

of all those unhappy Women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret Love which *Abdallab* bore his Daughter: *Far be it*, said he, *from the King of Persia to communicate the Blood of the Caliphs, and join himself in Marriage with the Daughter of his Physician.* The King however was so impatient for such a Bride, without hearing any Excuses, he immediately ordered *Balsora* to be sent for into his Presence, keeping the Father with him, in order to make her sensible of the Honour which he designed her. *Balsora*, who was too modest and humble to think her Beauty had made such an Impression on the King, was a few Moments after brought into his Presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the King's Eye as one of the Virgins of *Paradise*. But upon hearing the Honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his Feet. *Helim* wept, and after having recovered her out of the Trance into which she was fallen, represented to the King, that so unexpected an Honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The King bid him take his own Way, and dismiss'd him. *Balsora* was again convey'd to her Father's House, where the Thoughts of *Abdallab* renewed her Affliction every Moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging Fever. The King was informed of her Condition by those that saw her. *Helim*, finding no other Means of extricating her from the Difficulties she was in, after having composed her Mind and made her acquainted with his Intentions, gave her a certain Potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many Hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming Distress of a disconsolate Father, informed the King she was dead. The King, who never let any Sentiments of Humanity come too near his Heart, did not much trouble himself about the Matter; however, for his own Reputation, he told the Father, that since 'twas known through the Empire that *Balsora* died at a Time when he designed her for his Bride, it was his Intention that she should be honoured as such after her Death, and that her  
Body

Body should be laid in the black Palace, among those of his deceased Queens.

In the mean time *Abdallab*, who had heard of the King's Design, was not less afflicted than his beloved *Balsora*. As for the several Circumstances of his Distress, as also how the King was informed of an irrecoverable Distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the History of *Helim*. It shall suffice to acquaint my Readers, that *Helim*, some Days after the supposed Death of his Daughter, gave the Prince a Potion of the same Nature with that which had laid asleep *Balsora*.

It is the Custom among the *Persians*, to convey in a private Manner the Bodies of all the Royal Family, a little after their Death, into the black Palace; which is the Repository of all who are descended from the *Caliphs*, or any Way allied to them. The chief Physician is always Governor of the Black Palace, it being his Office to embalm and preserve the Holy Family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the Colour of the Building which is all of the finest polished black Marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting Lamps. It has also a hundred folding Doors of Ebony, which are each of them watched Day and Night by a hundred Negroes, who are to take Care that no body enters besides the Governor.

*Helim*, after having conveyed the Body of his Daughter into this Repository, and at the appointed Time received her out of the Sleep into which she was fallen, took Care some Time after to bring that of *Abdallab* into the same Place. *Balsora* watched over him, till such Time as the Dose he had taken lost its Effect. *Abdallab* was not acquainted with *Helim's* Design when he gave him this sleepy Potion. It is impossible to describe the surprize, the Joy, the Transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the Retirements of the Blessed, and that the Spirit of his dear *Balsora*, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his Arrival. She soon informed him of the Place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its Horrors, appeared to him



him more sweet than the Bower of *Mahomet*, in the Company of his *Balsora*.

*Helim*, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the Bodies, visited the Place very frequently. His greatest Perplexity was how to get the Lovers out of it, the Gates being watched in such a Manner as I have before related. This Consideration did not a little disturb the two interred Lovers. At length *Helim* bethought himself, that the first Day of the Full Moon of the Month *Tizpa* was near at Hand. Now it is a Tradition among the *Persians*, that the Souls of those of the Royal Family, who are in a State of Bliss, do, on the first Full Moon after their Decease, pass through the Eastern Gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the Gate of *Paradise*, in order to take their Flight for that happy Place. *Helim* therefore, having made due Preparation for this Night, dress'd each of the Lovers in a Robe of Azure Silk, wrought in the finest Looms of *Persia*, with a long Train of Linen whiter than Snow, that floated on the Ground behind them. Upon *Abdallab's* Head he fixed a Wreath of the greenest Myrtle, and on *Balsora's* a Garland of the freshest Roses. Their Garments were scented with the richest Perfumes of *Arabia*. Having thus prepared every Thing, the Full Moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its Brightness, but he privately opened the Gate of *Paradise*, and shut it after the same Manner, as soon as they had pass'd thro' it. The Band of Negroes who were posted at a little Distance from the Gate, seeing two such beautiful Apparitions, that shewed themselves to Advantage by the Light of the Full Moon, and being ravished with the Odour that flowed from their Garments, immediately concluded them to be the Ghosts of the two Persons lately deceased. They fell upon their Faces as they pass'd through the Midst of them, and continued prostrate on the Earth till such Time as they were out of Sight. They reported the next Day what they had seen, but this was look'd upon by the King himself, and most others, as the Compliment that was usually paid to any of his Family. *Helim* had placed two of his own Mules at about a Mile Distance from the Black Temple, on the Spot  
which

which they had agreed upon for their Rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own Houses, which was situated on Mount *Kbacan*. The Air on this Mountain was so very healthful, that *Helim* had formerly transported the King thither, in order to recover him out of a long Fit of Sickness; which succeeded so well, that the King made him a Present of the whole Mountain, with a beautiful House and Gardens that were at the Top of it. In this Retirement lived *Abdallah* and *Balsara*. They were both so fraught with all Kinds of Knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a Passion for each other, that their Solitude never lay heavy on them. *Abdallah* applied himself to those Arts which were agreeable to his Manner of Living and the Situation of the Place, insomuch that in a few Years he converted the whole Mountain into a Kind of Garden, and covered every Part of it with Plantations or Spots of Flowers. *Helim* was too good a Father to let him want any Thing that might conduce to make his Retirement pleasant.

In about ten Years after their Abode in this Place the old King died, and was succeeded by his Son *Ibrahim*, who, upon the supposed Death of his Brother, had been called to Court, and entertained there as Heir to the *Persian* Empire. Though he was for some Years inconsolable for the Death of his Brother, *Helim* durst not trust him with the Secret, which he knew would have fatal Consequences, should it by any Means come to the Knowledge of the old King. *Ibrahim* was no sooner mounted to the Throne, but *Helim* sought after a proper Opportunity of making a Discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a Prince. It so happened, that before *Helim* found such an Opportunity as he desired, the new King *Ibrahim*, having been separated from his Company in a Chase, and almost fainting with Heat and Thirst, saw himself at the Foot of Mount *Kbacan*; he immediately ascended the Hill, and coming to *Helim's* House, demanded some Refreshments. *Helim* was very luckily there at the Time, and after having set before the King the choicest Wines and Fruits, finding

finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a Treat, told him that the best Part of his Entertainment was to come. upon which he opened to him the whole History of what had past.

The King was at once astonished, and transported at so strange a Relation, and seeing his Brother enter the Room with *Balsora* in his Hand, he leap'd off from the *Sofa* on which he sat, and cried out. 'Tis he! my *Abdallah*! — Having said this, he fell upon his Neck, and wept. The whole Company, for some Time, remained silent, and shedding Tears for Joy. The King at length, after having kindly reproached *Helim* for depriving him so long of such a Brother, embraced *Balsora* with the greatest Tenderness, and told her, that she should now be a Queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his Brother King of all the conquered Nations on the other Side the *Tigris*. He easily discovered in the Eyes of our two Lovers, that, instead of being transported with the Offer, they preferred their present Retirement to Empire. At their Request therefore he changed his Intentions, and made them a Present of all the open Country as far as they could see from the Top of Mount *Khacan*. *Abdallah*, continuing to extend his former Improvements, beautified this whole Prospect with Groves and Fountains, Gardens and Seats of Pleasure, 'till it became the most delicious Spot of Ground within the Empire, and is therefore called the Garden of *Persia*. This Caliph, *Ibrahim*, after a long and happy Reign, died without Children, and was succeeded by *Abdallah*, a Son of *Abdallah* and *Balsora*. This was that King *Abdallah*, who afterwards fixed the Imperial Residence upon Mount *Khacan*, which continues at this Time to be the favourite Palace of the *Persian* Empire.

#### The APPLICATION.

This Story presents us with a lively Contrast between a Tyrant given up to his own reigning Passions and cruel Jealousies, and a Mind calm'd by Wisdom and sweetened with the most benevolent Dispositions. How does the Horrors of the one illustrate the Beauty of the other? The haughty Oppressor



Oppressor will often be dealt with deceitfully, and his Cruelty will furnish his best Friends with Arts to evade his Power.

In the Lovers we see Grandeur makes no Part of Happiness to the well instructed Mind, and mutual, tender, Friendship, finds a thousand Sweets in a calm Retirement.

*The* KNIGHT surprized *into* Virtue.

A French Author, giving an Account of a very agreeable Man, in whose Character he mingles good Qualities and Infirmities, rather than Vices and Virtues, tells the following Story.

“ Our Knight, says he, was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all Faults. He had a loose Rogue for a Laquey, not a little in his Favour, tho’ he had no other Name for him when he spoke of him but *the Rascal*, or to him but *Sirrah*. One Morning when he was dressing, Sirrah, says he, be sure you bring Home this Evening a pretty Wench. The Fellow was a Person of Diligence and Capacity, and had for some Time address’d himself to a decay’d old Gentlewoman, who had a young Maiden to her Daughter, beauteous as an Angel, not yet sixteen Years of Age. The Mother’s extream Poverty, and the Insinuations of this Laquey concerning the soft Disposition and Generosity of his Master, made her consent to deliver up her Daughter. But many were the Intreaties and Representations of the Mother to gain her Child’s Consent to an Action, which she said she abhorred, at the same Time she exhorted her to it; but Child, said she, can you see your Mother die for Hunger? The Virgin argued no longer, but bursting into Tears, said she would go any where. The Laquey conveyed her with great Obsequiousness and Secrecy to his Master’s Lodging, and placed her in a commodious Apartment till he came home. The Knight, who knew his Man never failed of bringing his Prey, indulg’d his Genius at a Banquet, and was in high Humour at an Entertainment with Ladies, expecting to be receiv’d in the Evening by one as agreeable as the best of them; When he came Home, his Laquey met him with a saucy  
and

and joyful Familiarity, crying out, she is as handsome as an Angel (for there is no other Simile on this Occasion) but the tender Fool has wept till her Eyes are swelled and bloated; for she is a Maid and a Gentlewoman. With that he conducted his Master to the Room where she was, and retired. The Knight, when he saw her bathed in Tears, said in some Surprise, Don't you know, young Woman, why you were brought hither? The unhappy Maid fell on her Knees, and with many Interruptions of Sighs and Tears, said to him, I know, alas! too well why I am brought hither; my Mother, to get Bread for her and myself, has sent me to do what you pleased; but wou'd it please Heaven I could die, before I am added to the Number of those miserable Wretches who live without Honour! With this Reflection she wept anew, and beat her Bo'om. The Knight, stepping back from her, said, I am not so abandoned as to hurt your Innocence against your Will."

The Novelty of the Accident surpriz'd him into Virtue; and covering the young Maid with a Cloak, he led her to a Relation's House, to whose Care he recommended her that Night. The next Morning he sent for her Mother, and asked her if her Daughter was a Maid? The Mother assured him, that when she deliver'd her to his Servant, she was a Stranger to Man. Are not you then, replied the Knight, a wicked Woman, to contrive the Debauchery of your own Child? She held down her Face with Fear and Shame, and in her Confusion uttered some broken Words concerning her Poverty. Pity it is, said the Gentleman, that you should relieve yourself from Want by a much greater Evil: Your Daughter is a fine young Creature; do you know of none that ever spoke to her for a Wife? The Mother answered, there is an honest Man in our Neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said he would marry her with two hundred Pounds. The Knight ordered his Man to reckon out that Sum, with an Addition of fifty, to buy the Bride Cloaths, and fifty more as an Help to the Mother."

Could possessing all the Beauties in *Great-Britain* give half the Pleasure as this young Gentleman had in the Reflection

Reflection of having relieved a miserable Parent from Guilt and Poverty, an innocent Virgin from publick Shame, and bestowing a virtuous Wife upon an honest Man?

The APPLICATION.

How dreadful a Temptation is extreme Poverty! but while suffer'd with Innocence it is a State of Happiness, compared to the Relief purchased by Guilt, the gnawing Anguish of which nothing can remove. What a commanding Awe has Virtue, even over the vicious Heart, that could check the flushed Libertine in the Height of promis'd Pleasure, and make him the generous Guardian of that Innocence he was ready to destroy.

EUGENIUS, or Charity without Expence.

**EUGENIUS** is a Man of an universal good Nature, and generous beyond the Extent of his Fortune; but withal so prudent, in the Oeconomy of his Affairs, that what goes out in Charity is made up by good Management. *Eugenius* has what the World calls two hundred Pounds a Year, but never values himself above nine Score, as not thinking he has a Right to the tenth Part, which he always appropriates to charitable Uses. To this Sum he frequently makes other voluntary Additions, insomuch, that in a good Year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater Bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that Sum to the Sick and the Indigent.

*Eugenius* prescribes to himself many particular Days of Fasting and Abstinence, in order to increase his private Bank of Charity, and sets aside what would be the current Expences of those Times for the Use of the Poor. He often goes a-foot where his Business calls him, and at the End of his Walk has given a Shilling, which in his ordinary Methods of Expence, would have gone for Coach-hire, to the first necessitous Person that has fallen in his Way. I have known him, when he was going to a Play or an Opera pervert the Money which was designed for



## 94 HISTORIES and FABLES, &c.

for that Purpose, upon an Object of Charity whom he has met in the Street : and afterwards pass his Evening in a Coffee-house, or at a Friend's Fire-side, with much greater Satisfaction to himself, than he could have received from the most exquisite Entertainments of the Theatre. By these Means he is generous without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his Estate by making it the Property of others.

### The APPLICATION.

There are few Men so cramped in their private Affairs, who may not be charitable after this Manner, without any Disadvantage to themselves, or Prejudice to their Families.

It is but sometimes sacrificing a Diversion or Convenience to the Poor, and turning the usual Course of our Expences into a better Channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious Piece of Charity, which we can put in Practice. By this Method we, in some Measure, share the Necessities of the Poor at the same Time we relieve them, and make ourselves not only their Patrons, but their Fellow-sufferers.

### LYCURGUS, *or the Father of his Family.*

**L**YCURGUS is a Man of that noble Disposition, that his Domesticks, in a Nation of the greatest Liberty, enjoy a Freedom known only to themselves who live under his Roof. He is the Banker, the Council, the Parent of all his numerous Dependents. Kindness is the Law of his House, and the Way to his Favour is being gentle and well-natured to their Fellow-Servants. Every one recommends himself, by appearing officious to let their Patron know the Merit of others under his Care. Many little Fortunes have streamed out of his Favour, and his Prudence is such, that the Fountain is not exhausted by the Channels that flow from it, but its Way cleared to run new *Meanders*. He bestows with so much Judgment, that his Bounty is the Increase of his Wealth; all who share his Favour, are enabled to enjoy it by his Example;

Example; and he has not only made, but qualified many a Man to be rich.

The APPLICATION.

From the Immorality of our Servants, arising from the Negligence of Masters of Families in their Care of them, flows that irresistible Torrent of Disasters which spreads itself through all Ranks of Life. Old Age oppressed with Beggary, Youth drawn into the Commission of Murders and Robberies, both owe their Disaster to this Evil. If we consider the Happiness which grows out of a fatherly Conduct towards Servants, it would encourage a Man to that Sort of Care, as much as the Effects of a Libertine Behaviour to them would affright us.

TIMOGENES, or the Man of false Honour.

TIMOGENES was a lively Instance of one actuated by false Honour: *Timogenes* would smile at a Man's Jest who ridiculed his Maker, and, at the same Time, run a Man through the Body that spoke ill to his Friend. *Timogenes* would have scorned to have betrayed a Secret that was intrusted to him, tho' the Fate of his Country depended upon the Discovery of it. *Timogenes* took away the Life of a young Fellow in a Duel, for having spoken ill of *Belinda*, a Lady whom he himself had seduced in her Youth, and betrayed into Want and Ignominy. To close his Character, *Timogenes*, after having ruined several poor Tradesmen's Families who had trusted him, sold his Estate to satisfy his Creditors; but, like a Man of Honour, disposed of all the Money he could make of it, in the paying off his Play Debts, or, to speak in his own Language, his Debts of Honour.

The APPLICATION.

The Man who sacrifices any Duty of a reasonable Creature to a prevailing Mode or Fashion, who looks upon any Thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to Society, who thinks himself obliged by this Principle to the Practice of some Virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true Men of Honour.

SYNOPSIS,

SYNCOPIUS, or the *Passionate Man*.

**S**YNCOPIUS leads, of all Men living, the most ridiculous Life; he is ever offending, and begging Pardon. If his Man enters the Room without what he sent for, *that Blockhead*, begins he—*Gentlemen, I ask your Pardon, but Servants now-a-days*—The wrong Plates are laid, they are thrown into the Middle of the Room; his Wife stands by in Pain for him, which he sees in her Face, and answers, as if he had heard all she was thinking *Why—what the Devil? Why don't you take care to give Orders in these Things?* His Friends sit down to a tasteless Plenty of every Thing, every Minute expecting new Insults from his impertinent Passions. In a Word, to eat with, or visit *Syncopius*, is no other than going to see him exercise his Family, exercise their Patience, and his own Anger.

It is monstrous, that the Shame and Confusion in which this good natured angry Man must needs behold his Friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much Reflection as to create an Amendment.

The E N D.

